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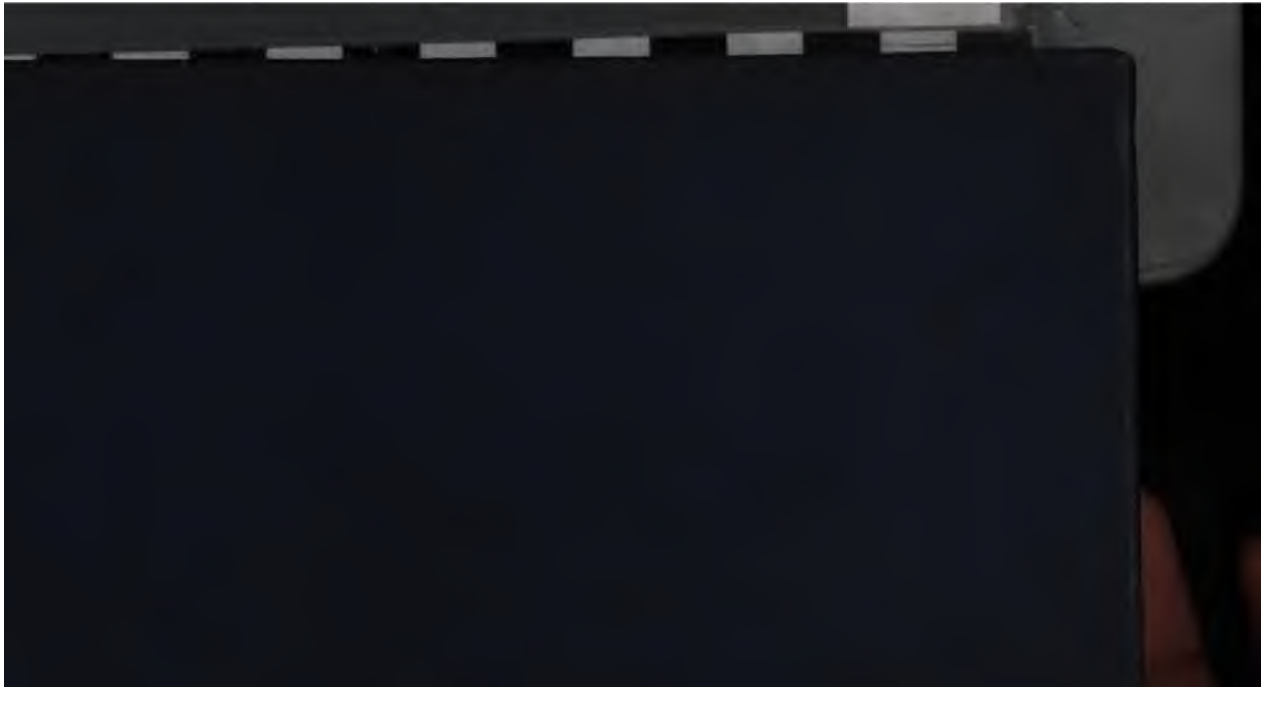

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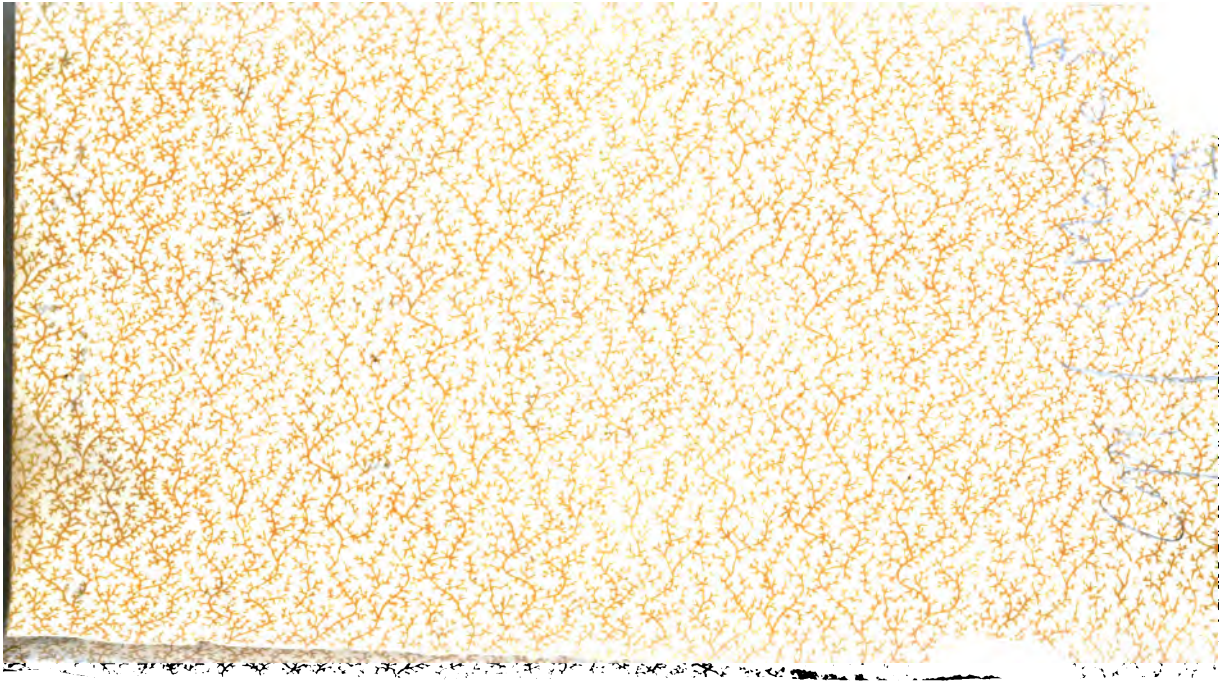

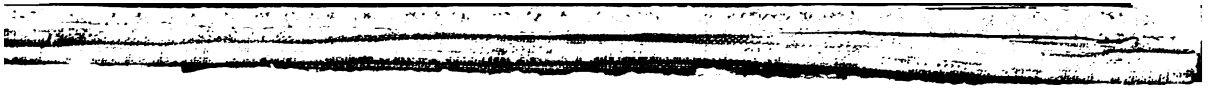

Dr JOHN MOORE.

Published by B. Crosby & Co. Stationers Court June 1.1803.

MOORIANA:

OR,

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

Moral, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Works

Of the late

DR. JOHN MOORE. 1729 - 1802

ILLUSTRATED BY

A New Biographical and Critical Account

OF THE

DOCTOR AND HIS WRITINGS;

AND

NOTES,

Historical, Classical, and Explanatory.

BY

THE REV. E. PREVOST, AND E. BLAGDON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" Floriferis ut apes in saltibus mellia libant.
" Sic nos autorum decerpimus aurea dicta."

London:

Printed by J. Candee, Ivy-Lane,

FOR B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONERS'-COURT.

1803.

MD

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DEDICATION.

TO

JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, ESQ.

SIR,

THE greatest part of this work was written during a temporary repose from the duties of my profession, for which I was indebted to your liberal patronage, and is the result of my readings with your son, * *whose improvement I earnestly wished to promote, and who has had, as well as myself, many opportunities of knowing how justly, and faithfully, the following sketches of* DR. MOORE, *are depicted. Under these considerations I have thought and felt it a duty to prefix your name to them, though many will imagine, that in doing this, I only wished to indulge my own pride.*

I presume, Sir, to hope that this offering will not be disagreeable to you; it having been rendered more

* *John Angerstein, Esq. M. P. who, during his travels, by his amiable, and engaging manners, endeared himself to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and particularly to the writer, who has had the honour of a more intimate and longer intercourse with him.*

perfect, and worthy of your notice, by the assistance of my friend and colleague, who holds a respectable situation in the republic of letters, and who has carefully watched over its grammatical propriety; but that with your usual kind indulgence you will welcome it as a feeble though sincere token of those sentiments of gratitude, for your past protection, and high regard, for your benevolent, and patriotic virtues, which no circumstances, nor events, have ever been, nor ever will be, able to eradicate from my bosom.

I have the honour to be respectfully,

SIR,

Your most humble,

Most dutiful,

And obliged Servant,

FRANCIS PREVOST.

LONDON,
January 1st, 1803.

PREFACE.

WE need not inform our classical readers, that the books in *ana*, (a Latin termination adopted in the titles of some works,) are collections of the most remarkable sayings or writings of persons of learning and wit; nearly similar to what is commonly called *table-talk*:— but, in order to assign to those literary productions, which are in many respects extremely useful, the degree of merit they deserve, and which has sometimes been refused to them; as well as to justify the present undertaking, we will desire our readers to observe, that books under the name of *Ana*, which are more numerous in French than in English literature, although, perhaps, new in respect to their form and titles, are nevertheless, as to their matter, and composition, of a very old date. The Greeks who were always considered as our masters in every polite art and science; the Greeks, so refined in, and

celebrated for their literature, far from disdaining, kindly welcomed, and highly esteemed those collections, when made with care, taste, and discernment. Are not Xenophon's books of the deeds and sayings of Socrates, as well as the dialogues of Plato, *Socratiana*? — Has not the most fastidious critic read with enthusiasm, the *Orphica*, the *Phytagoræa*, the *Æsopica*?—why, then, should the modern *Ana*, be looked upon, by the learned of our age, as the contemptible productions of needy book-makers, or as the commercial speculations of people in trade?

In imitation of the Greeks, our infallible models; and to favour a more extensive circulation of knowledge among all ranks of society, we intend to publish, if the present work should be honoured with the public patronage, an extensive series of *Ana*, selected from the productions of the most renowned and lately deceased authors of this country as well as those of the continent. The preparation of this series having for some time formed the amusement of our leisure hours, the whole is in such a state of forwardness that the volumes will be speedily and successively published, with the addition of co-

pious notes, by way of illustration or contrast, to certain passages from every respective author.

We have first presented our select extracts from the writings of Dr. Moore, thinking him the author, who, from the great variety of his works, was more likely to please the man of taste, and the man of the world; (for he has sketched the principal traits in the characters of those eminent personages, who flourished in the last century, as also of those *tragi-comic* actors, who have figured during the French revolution,) —and both to amuse and instruct the British youth, by the geographical and humorous accounts contained in his travels, of the most singular ceremonies, and most famous cities in Europe.

In our labours we have had principally in view, not only the universal education of the rising generation, but also the amusement of that class of readers, who by a limited fortune are prevented from purchasing bulky and expensive publications, like those of Dr. Moore;* flat-

* Taken collectively, they contain about ten thousand pages, of a large octavo edition; the most instructive and entertaining part of which we have endeavoured to compress in 600.

tering ourselves, that the man of rank, fortune, and taste, if *Mooriana* should fall into his hands, will feel, from its perusal, a strong desire to become more intimately acquainted with an author so conversant with men and manners, and so eminent for the benevolence of his heart, and the purity of his morals: and thus be irresistibly induced to purchase all his works, in order to place them in his library, on the same shelf with those of the most renowned authors of the last century: with *Smollet*, *Fielding*, *Johnson*, *Chesterfield*, &c. &c.

We cannot end this advertisement, without tendering our most sincere thanks to Dr. Moore's relatives for the liberal support they have given to our undertaking, by granting us leave to copy a masterly drawing of the Doctor, sketched at a time posterior to his picture by Lawrence, by the bold and faithful pencil of W. Lock, jun. Esq. a gentleman of independent fortune, well known for the amiableness of his manners, and the generosity of his heart; and renowned, among the dilettanti, for his early and almost instinctive talents, discernment, and taste, in the art of painting. Nor can we refrain from expressing our wish, which is that of

the public, that Dr. Moore's respectable relatives may soon enrich our literature by the publication of some of his MSS. if he has left any, intended for the press.

A few unavoidable errors of the press, materially altering the sense, and those chiefly in the printing of the French, have unluckily crept into this edition; in praying the reader to excuse them, we must earnestly entreat him to attend for their correction to the *Errata*, added to these volumes.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Life and Writings

OF

DR. JOHN MOORE.

AMONGST the numerous horde of writers of the last degenerate century, who have attacked religion by their sarcasms; morality, by their profligacy; and civil society, by their levelling principles — we feel an inexpressible satisfaction in presenting to the notice of our readers, an author who was a friend to religion and morality, a supporter of rational liberty, and an inveterate enemy to the excesses of unrestrained licentiousness.

What a pleasing and useful occupation would it be for us to unravel, and delineate, the whole tenor of a life consecrated to the relief and instruction of human nature; to present Dr. Moore, as a tender husband, an affectionate father, and a benevolent physician, and to offer him to his countrymen as a pattern of the highest excellence. But not having had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with him, our picture can be but an imperfect sketch of his character: we shall therefore content ourselves with mentioning the principal circumstances which relate to his life and

writings: for we will leave to some of his respectable and affectionate relatives, or bosom-friends, the heartfelt pleasure of recording the anecdotic details of his life; and by this means completely gratifying the public curiosity, which the present notice will perhaps contribute to increase.

Dr. John Moore was the son of a clergyman, a native of Scotland: * having lost his father, when only five years old, he was left to the care of his mother: † a lady distinguished for the strength of her understanding, and eminent for her piety, and benevolence of heart;—sentiments which she early infused in the mind of her only child. After the necessary preparation of a grammar-school, young Mr. Moore being destined for the profession of medicine, removed with his mother to Glasgow, was matriculated at the University, and placed under the care of an eminent practitioner. He was at an early period, (in the seventeenth year of his age,) thrown, as it were, upon the world: and having obtained a sufficient knowledge of the practice of physic, he left his native country, and passed over to the continent under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, Lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot, which embarked for Flanders to serve under his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland. ‡ At Maestrich, Flushing, and

* He was born in 1730, at Stirling, the ancient residence of the Scottish kings. His father, the Rev. Charles Moore, was one of the ministers of that town, and was greatly esteemed for the purity of his manners, as well as for the amiableness of his disposition.

† She was a native of Glasgow, and the daughter of John Anderson, Esq.

‡ After having extinguished a domestic rebellion in Scotland by his gallant behaviour, and very meritorious conduct at the battle of Culloden, his Royal Highness had repaired to the continent in order to combat our foreign enemies, and, in 1747, commanded the allied army in Flanders.

Breda, the subject of these memoirs attended the military hospitals there in quality of mate, and soon enjoyed much practice. * On the conclusion of the peace he returned to England. Having arrived in London, with the advantage of two years constant practice, Dr. Moore then thought proper to enter more deeply into the theory of medicine, and to avail himself of all the knowledge that could be obtained by attending lectures in the British capital. At that period, the French metropolis enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the best school in Europe; Dr. Moore, therefore, set out for Paris, and, at his arrival, having paid his respects to the British ambassador, he was recognised and protected by his Excellency, † who appointed him surgeon to his household. After two years residence in Paris, during which he carefully attended the British ambassador's family, and walked the hospitals of that capital, Dr. Moore having been invited by his former tutor, ‡ who was not insensible to the assiduity and improvements of his pupil, to enter into partnership with him, he left Paris, and returned to Glasgow, where he practised as a physician, till he had attained his fortieth year. He then attended with the most anxious care through the whole progress of that lingering disease, a consumption, the bane of British youth,

* His patients were very numerous in consequence of the unfortunate battle of Laffeldt; and he derived much instruction and information from the scenes of slaughter and calamity attendant on a sanguinary campaign.

† Lord Albermarle, who had known him in Flanders, and who while he acted in the capacity of a General under the Duke of Cumberland, was also Colonel of the Coldstream, of which Mr. M. had been surgeon's mate.

‡ Dr. Gordon. This custom of partnership is very common in North-Britain, and necessarily results from the extensiveness of a practice, which, among other branches of medical science, embraces that of midwifery.

a young nobleman, James George, Duke of Hamilton, distinguished by brilliant personal advantages, and high endowments of mind; but he died in the fifteenth year of his age. * This circumstance led, and recommended him to a more intimate connection with that noble family, by whom he was chosen to accompany his brother, Douglas Duke of Hamilton, in his travels, who was of a very sickly constitution. But, before we consider him as a *traveller*, our readers, perhaps, will be glad to know the merit of the subject of this memoir as a physician. He was not one of those important practitioners, who are positive in their prescriptions, * who never doubt, who understand the nature of every disease, and who have high and enthusiastic notions of the powers of medicine, and of their infallible sagacity in the application of these powers.—He cannot also be ranked among those cunning, unprincipled, and interested practitioners, who impose upon the weakness and credulity of the persons who employ them: †—men of superficial know-

* How much Dr. Moore was attached to this extraordinary young nobleman, may be collected from a note which is to be found in his *Medical Sketches*. After having recorded, as he had done on his tomb in the burying-place of Hamilton, the surprising endowments of his patient; and after having stated the remarkable nature of a consumption which baffled all the efforts of medicine, he adds, with much genuine feeling: "These particulars, no doubt, are foreign to the purpose of my work, "and will perhaps be criticised as improper. Let them. At the dis- "tance of sixteen years, I have never yet, without some such impro- "priety, been able to mention this amiable young man;

"By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
"And always honour'd."----------

† Such kind of quackery some people seem to invite, and they cannot be fully convinced of their physician's skill and attention without it. "In a certain city of the continent," says Dr. Moore, "I happened to call upon a lady who on account of a pain and slight swelling in her ancle had consulted a well-known physician, who also is accused by his

ledge, of a considerable degree of shrewdness, and such a portion of impudence, as sets them above embarrassment, even when their ignorance and fraud are made manifest:—men who study the foibles of mankind—fatten on the fears, hopes, and caprices of the rich valetudinarian; and squeeze the last lingering shilling out of the feeble hand of the poor.—Such were not the principles of Dr. Moore.—Is it, then, surprising, that, with more diffident modesty on the efficacy of his profession, and more benevolent generosity than are usually to be met with, he did not amass a large fortune in an honourable calling, which has enriched so many of its votaries? But his literary pursuits, perhaps, rendered him averse from engaging in the hurry, bustle, intrigue, and subservience, which attend a London physician. Nevertheless, if he has been outstript in the career of riches by men of less sagacity and experience, and of far inferior talents and abilities, it may be proper to surmise, that, by his literary writings, he has enjoyed more rational pleasure, though less pecuniary advantage, than those sons of care and labour, the practitioners of the metropolis, obtain from an *hard spring* and a *sickly autumn*. Although he had passed much of his life in Scotland, or on the continent

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brethren of much charlatanical parade in his practice, and commands the admiration of his patients. He had just left her when I entered. She told me he had ordered a poultice of bread and milk to be applied to the part, and then giving her watch to her maid, she desired her to take particular care that the poultice should be boiled exactly *four minutes and a half*, for such were the express orders of Monsieur le Docteur.—On my expressing my surprise at the minuteness of such orders, she exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! quelle-precision! Il calcule comme un ange!"

Is it by ridiculing such puerilities, that Dr. Moore is supposed to have given some offence to a few narrow-minded men? or is it by the disclosure of certain *arcana*, which they wish for the sake of their interest to conceal, and therefore consider it as high-treason to reveal?

yet, no sooner had he returned from his travels, and settled in London with his family,* than he was consulted and esteemed by his friends, and a numerous public, as a judicious and prudent physician; as one who considers himself an assistant to nature:—leaves her, when her power seems sufficient to perform her own cure, and assists her, when too feeble, by every means in his power. Indeed, in a medical work † which he published a few years after his return from the continent, he shewed himself deserving of an extensive practice; and proved, by this masterly performance, which was very favourably received, that he had kept always in view his entrance into the chamber of his patient, even while he was surveying the beauties of nature in the most delightful parts of Europe. But, during his travels, Dr. Moore did not confine his admiration to inanimate nature alone; he conversed much with men, and minutely observed their manners, passions, and religious and political prejudices. With a mind full of penetration and sagacity, he was happily placed in such a situation as to become one of the most instructive, and entertaining writers of travels; for it must be acknowledged, that if the noble

* In the year 1778.

† *Medical Sketches*, published in 1785, and dedicated with much delicacy to the respectable W. Lock, Esq. They were written for a near relation of him who had the health of a considerable detachment entrusted to his care at a very early period of life. As to the matter, this work is to be regarded as a compilation, yet it frequently states and contrasts the different notions of various writers on the same subject, with much force. The Doctor's physic is also interspersed with pleasantries and anecdotes which cannot fail to render it palatable to the generality of readers; for whom it appears to have been written, as much study seems to have been used to divest it of all technical terms and to render it intelligible to every capacity.

pupil,'* being of a very delicate constitution, was happy in the choice of such a tutor, who had an extensive, and experimental knowledge of medicine, and was also much acquainted with the continent, the medical professor was fortunate in accompanying a handsome youth, deeply versed in antiquity, with a taste for classical learning, and of the most amiable and engaging manners. Unlike those upstarts of fortune, whose pride is equal to their ignorance, who think themselves degraded by intimacy, and whose repulsive airs, perpetually remind their travelling companions of the distance which chance has put between them: unlike such characters, the youth in question, though of the first rank, lived with his Doctor and friend, in a state of the most familiar intimacy. Being greatly distinguished, and kindly countenanced by his pupil, Dr. Moore accompanied the duke in the highest circles, and mixed with the best society of all the capitals of Europe. Let it be, nevertheless, recorded to his praise, that his mind, naturally active and inquisitive, did not disdain to observe the most obscure classes of society; and he often visited the middle ranks of life, amongst whom, in most countries, is the surest abode of real education, true philosophy, and heart-felt enjoyment. His two works of travels, † contain, not like

* Douglas Hamilton, born July 25, 1756. He married Miss Burrell now Lady Exeter, in 1788. Her Grace obtained a divorce from him in 1794; and he himself died in 1800. He spent, accompanied by Dr, Moore, a period of no less than five years abroad, during which period they visited France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.

† The first is entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in two vols. octavo. It was published in 1779, and has passed through nine editions. He afterwards published a continuation of the same work in two additional volumes, entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in Italy*.

the productions of many modern travellers, mere descriptions of places, or common and tedious historical dissertations on the various governments, but more rare and difficult observations on the arts, commerce, and antiquities, of the various countries which he visited; and (which is a merit almost peculiar to himself) faithful pictures of most of the eminent personages of the last century, on the continent; they also contain discriminating sketches of the national character of most of the inhabitants of Europe; interspersed with amusing and lively narratives, written in a charming and easy stile, and with an happy vein of pleasantry and irony. The last journal of his travels* through France, at the critical and eventful period of the revolution, which, in ordinary writers, would have exhibited little more than the occurrences detailed in old newspapers, gives us the reflections of his own enlightened mind. It is a

* Entitled, *A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December*, 1792; *to which is added, an Account of the most remarkable events that happened at Paris, from that time to the death of the late king of France*; published in 1794, with this appropriate epigraph: *Opus opimum casibus, atrox prœtus, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.*---Tacit. The Doctor accompanied Lord Lauderdale, whose health did not permit him to press forward with rapidity. They reached Dover in the beginning of August 1792, and sailed on the 4th for Calais. After his arrival in Paris, the Doctor frequently visited the assembly. He was awoke about two o'clock of the morning of the 10th of August, by the ringing of the tocsin, and alarmed at ten by the firing of the cannon: events that led to the overthrow of the monarchy. It was his fate also to witness the murders, the crimes, and the barbarities of September 1792, when the atrocious machinations of ruffians, led by designing enthusiasts, deluged Paris with innocent blood. The times being very critical, and rendering a residence in that capital highly disagreeable, the Doctor and his friends thought proper to leave it. The most commendable *trait* of Dr. Moore's journal is that spirit of discrimination, which, while it arraigns and abominates the atrocities of wicked demagogues, and their execrable instruments, still compassionates the nation at large.

connected series of unexampled events, terminating in one dreadful catastrophe. This journal will be advantageously distinguished amongst contemporary memoirs, and employed by some future historians of France, as a fair and candid narrative of the public transactions of that country. The incidents of the wickedness, and follies of men, are coupled with acute observations, and alternately interspersed with the pathetic, and enlivened by the humorous.

Having read the great book of life with attention and profit, and his mind being stored with useful knowledge, and elegant literature, it may naturally be expected that Dr. Moore attained a high degree of reputation as a novellist, after having been distinguished as a true, and sagacious painter of foreign manners. His novels* are very different from those wonderful romances of the present day, and particularly those which we have imported from Germany. They are not distinguished by singularity and inconsistency in their characters, by deep evolutions of events, by rapid conversions of fortune, or by scenes of complicated distress, and of unexpected deliverance Dr. Moore, being endowed with more than an ordinary insight into human nature, and capable of describing its intricacies with discernment, has employed much of the machinery of ordinary incident, and presented them with many pleasantries, and strokes of humour. His object in describing our domestic manners was always to correct and reform them. In his first romance, *Zeluco*,† he seems to have wished to in-

* He has published three novels---*Zeluco*, we believe in 1787; in 1790, *Edward, or various Views of Human Nature, taken from life and manners, chiefly in England*; and in 1800, *Mordaunt, being Sketches of Life, Characters, and Manners in various Countries; including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality, in two vols. 8vo.*

† This Romance abounds with many interesting events. Its chief tendency is directed towards the education of youth. It fully evinces

culcate this important moral, the inevitable misery of vice, resulting from those inward pangs of sorrow, remorse, and terror, which a vicious conduct never fails to produce, and from which the most hardened villain, in the midst of the greatest worldly prosperity, is not exempt. In his second novel, Edward, * he has rendered truly interesting, on account of her good sense, and unbounded benevolence of heart, a lady who had neither beauty nor accomplishments to recommend her; and excited our most lively interest in favour of his hero, who, in many trying situations, displays invariably an amiable and manly mind.—Dr. Moore's romances do not resemble the modern ones, which have little merit, but that of exciting curiosity, and are thrown aside as soon as the reader's curiosity is gratified. The story, or fable, of his performances must be considered merely as a canvas on which this skilful observer of life and manners delineates, with an exquisite touch, and high colouring,

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the fatal effects resulting from uncontrolled passion on the part of a darling son, and unconditional compliance on that of a fond mother. It relates the life and adventures of the only son of a noble and wealthy family in Sicily. While drawing the character and sufferings of his hero, his external magnificence and internal misery, the author considers himself employed in tracing "the windings of vice, and delineating the disgusting features of villainy." This story is calculated rather to affect the reader, than warn him by example. It is to be hoped, however, that a character so atrocious as that of Zeluco never existed in life, and is only to be met with in the pages of a novel. Many other characters are introduced, accurately described: as well as many maxims of morality, illustrated by observations sometimes new, and always ingenious, solid, and striking.

* Edward is a foundling, like Tom Jones, originally brought up in a workhouse, whom chance places under the protection of a lady. By a natural series of events, he is finally brought to the discovery of his respectable and wealthy connections, and marries a beautiful and accomplished heiress, of whom his widowed mother is the guardian, and who in his humbler fortune had given him the preference to suitors, highly recommended by rank, fortune, and merit.

such moral pictures as are likely to excite the attention of his age and country. The last romance he published is chiefly of this nature.* We must then consider him rather as a moralist than as a novel-writer—as a sagacious moralist, Dr. Moore has humorously delineated, and ridiculed those weaknesses so common in the world; the affected apathy of the fashionable, the repulsive vanity of titled fools, and the cold insensibility of grandeur—as a benevolent moralist, he has eloquently and warmly pleaded the cause of suffering humanity; and declared himself a foe to the slavery that prevails in our colonies; but, far different from those blind enthusiasts, who in a neighbouring country, have called themselves the friends of the blacks, he has only implored for them protecting laws, and wisely advised not their sudden but their gradual emancipation—as an enlightened moralist, he always had in view in his various productions the inculcation of this moral;—that uprightness, integrity, and somewhat of an independent spirit, lead with more certainty, even to worldly prosperity, than hypocrisy, fraud and servility; that independently therefore, of what will *most assuredly* take place in a future state, no person of a cultivated understanding, and thorough good sense will choose the three latter lines of conduct for his guide. Unprincipled or fanatic men have attempted to palliate or justify all the crimes which the French revolution has produced, and which have deluged with blood not only France but

* *Mordaunt. Sketches of life, characters and manners, in various countries; including the Memoirs of a French Lady of quality*—3 vols 8vo. Published in the year 1800. The story of this novel is, unlike his former productions, given in a series of letters, from the hero of the work to his friend colonel Summers. In these are contained a variety of anecdotes and circumstances which occurred to him in different parts of Europe All the characters of this novel are extremely well depicted; and this is by far the best of the author's romantic publications.

most of the countries of Europe—but, although like a liberal-minded Englishman, Dr. Moore first rejoiced at the destruction of despotism in France, in the hope that a fair and rational system of freedom would ultimately be established in a country so rich in genius and so fertile in fancy, yet he soon bitterly inveighed against those scenes of injustice, horror and barbarity, that were acted in France, scenes which have disgraced the name of freedom and revolted the heart of humanity. He may have been accused of partiality, towards the French, he may have been suspected of a bias for democracy; for in these times of political convulsion, prejudices operate with unusual acrimony; but the brain of idiotism alone, could surmise, and the tongue of malevolence propagate the report, that he who had so just a sense of the blessings of a free government, nourished the wish to see altered that well-poised fabric of freedom, which was raised by the wisdom and cemented by the blood of virtuous Britons, and thus perhaps to occasion the fall of the altar and of the throne—with what acute feeling and affecting expressions has he not lamented the misfortunes of the family of Bourbon, and the cruel fate of the dignified MARIE ANTOINETTE: "Philosophy," such are his words, "may demonstrate that in a far inferior walk of life, a wo-"man who loses her husband and her children, ought to "command our sympathy in an equal degree—when the "voice of humanity has repeated all this, what does answer "the human heart, faithful to its first impressions; it takes "a stronger interest in the distresses of a Queen."—It is from men born with similar sentiments, that good monarchs may expect the most unshaken attachment to their persons: because their loyalty is noble and rational—while those servile courtiers who adopt all their prejudices and abet all

their caprices, at the least appearance of their tottering authority soon turn their bitterest enemies and become the most turbulent demagogues. Could the man who has traced the following energetic lines be suspected of a wish to see his native land under the guidance of ferocious republican counsels. — " The most shocking crimes," says the humane and virtuous subject of these memoirs, when recording the massacres committed around him in the month of September, 1792; " the most shocking crimes are at " this moment perpetrating at the prison of the Abbaye—a " thing unequalled in the records of wickedness!—They " call them *the People*—but they deserve no name by " which any thing which has the least relation to human " nature can be signified—a set of monsters are massacreing " all the prisoners.—They have been at this shocking " work during several hours!—It is now past twelve, and " the bloody carnage still goes on—what apology can be " offered for this violation of justice, humanity, and public " faith? A prison ought to be the most sacred of all " asylums: Its vsolation is impiety: How came the citi- " zens of this populous metropolis to remain passive specta- " tors of so dreadful an outrage? I abhor writing any more " about them. Wretches!" With a soul endowed with such virtuous and delicate sensibility, Dr. Moore could not but fulfill with the most scrupulous exactness all the relative duties of life, an humane physician, a steady friend, an affectionate parent: the Doctor in the bosom of his family whose welfare he always had in view, and who have by their merit and affection rewarded his parental solicitude, enjoyed all the pleasures in which husband and father can participate; and he paid with resignation his debt to nature after a lingering illness, leaving the example of a life of in-

tegrity; and sons heirs of his virtues and talents who will, like him, consecrate them to the welfare of their native country.

Dr. Moore died at Richmond, on the 21st of January, 1802, in the 71st year of his age.*

* He married Miss Simpson, the daughter of a professor in divinity in the university of Glasgow. By this lady he has had a daughter and five sons. The daughter is unmarried.---The sons are an ornament to their country in their various professions---John has attained the rank of Major General. Few officers have seen more service. He is of a modest unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, and more solicitous to deserve praise than to receive it. He is esteemed by his brother officers, beloved by his soldiers; and has eminently displayed in Corsica, as well as in Egypt a cool intrepidity, and an ardent zeal for the service.---James is a surgeon of great skill and ability in London, and an author as well as his father, having published two professional pamphlets.---Graham who entered early into the navy, is now post captain---he gave a proof of his bravery, when, on board the Melampus of thirty-six guns, he engaged and took the Ambuscade of forty, in October 1799, it being one of the squadron destined to invade Ireland.---Francis is the gentleman, who was lately employed in a diplomatic situation, and who has just returned from the continent.---Charles, a young man of the most promising talents, and the most agreeable manners, after having entered a few years since, the honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn, as a student of law, has been lately called to the bar.

MOORIANA.

UTILITY OF BOOKS.

IT can hardly be conceived how life, short as it is, can be passed without many intervals of tedium, by those who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the assistance of our worthy mute friends, the BOOKS. Horses, hounds, the theatres, cards, and the bottle, are all of use occasionally, no doubt; but the weather may forbid the two first; a kind of nonsense may drive us from the third; the association of others is necessary for the fourth, and also for the fifth, unless to those who are already sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness and degradation: but the entertainment which BOOKS afford, can be enjoyed in the worst weather, can be varied as we please, obtained in solicitude, and instead of blunting, it sharpens the understanding; but the most valuable effect of a taste for reading is, that it often preserves us from

bad company. For those are not apt to go or remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Quirk, the attorney, happened to call on Sir R. while he was revolving in his mind, at what time of life his son George had a chance to make a decent appearance: and he mentioned the circumstance to him. Mr. Q. had, on two or three occasions, been witness to young George's obstinacy in dispute, and perseverance in supporting a bad cause: on this foundation, he said, "There was reason to believe the young gentleman was possessed of very promising talents for the bar;" but Sir R. insisted that George was by much too indolent for that profession, and, he feared, had no capacity sufficient for conducting any branch of commerce; "We must, therefore, think," added he, "of some kind of employment, which will give him little trouble, and require but a moderate extent of capacity."

"You had best put him in parliament, then," added Mr. Quirk, "that gives little trouble, and has succeeded wonderfully with men of as moderate capacities as are to be met with."

Sir R. asked his son, how he should like to be a member of the House of Commons?

On Mr. George's hesitating, Mr. Quirk adjoined, "It is a very honourable situation for young men who have nothing to do; and it requires neither application nor study."

"What does it require, then?" said George.

"It requires money to purchase a seat," answered Mr. Quirk.

"Which I am willing to advance," said Sir R.

"I believe the House meets at the hour of dinner," said George, "and some of the members make desperate long speeches."

"The young gentleman's remark is equally acute and just," rejoined the attorney, looking at Sir R. "Nevertheless I can assure him that any member may withdraw when he is tired, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a speech."

"Are you absolutely certain of that?" added Mr. George.

"Absolutely certain," replied Mr. Quirk, "otherwise who would be a member of parliament?"

"Not I, for one," answered Mr. George.

"You need be under no apprehension of that sort; for no strict attendance, as you dread, is required," said Mr. Quirk.

"I should be glad to know what is absolutely requisite in a member of parliament?" said George.

"Only that you should be able to say *Aye* or *No*," said Sir. R. a little angrily. "Will that satisfy you?"

"Very well, Sir," replied George, bowing to his father, "I have now no objection to being in parliament."

VARIOUS EUROPEAN CHARACTERS.

THE Germans require very little variety; they can bear the languid uniformity of life with patience, even with satisfaction.

The French, though not celebrated for patience, are, of all mankind, the least liable to despondency. Public affairs never give a Frenchman uneasiness. If his mistress is kind, he celebrates her goodness and commends her taste; if she is cruel, he derides her folly in the arms of another. No people are so fond of amusements, and so easily amused.

The English view objects through a dark medium. They are much affected by the vexations of life, under which they are ready to despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetitions of scenes which at first were thought agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes itself a cause of desperate resolutions, and debasing habits.

COMPANIONS OR FRIENDS.

THEY are those accommodating persons whom some people of rank love to have constantly with them, for the purpose of applauding whatever they do or say; whose business it is to prevent disagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious as they themselves are abject, selfish, and perfidious.

BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

IT is observable that women who have no pretensions to beauty are either uncommonly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the chearfulness of their temper and their talents, are at pains to exert the one and cultivate the other; and they become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women who, while they are devoid of beauty are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus

operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty affect those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence; deformity and poverty to instigate it to exertion.

IGNORANCE.

It is much in favour of him who labours under a deficiency of knowledge to be sensible of his ignorance. As when, by the sensation of hunger a man in a weakly state becomes sensible that his stomach is empty, it forms a favourable presumption, but when a man's stomach is empty, if he has the sensation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order.

GREAT FORTUNES.

When young men come into possession of them, before they have acquired any fixed and determined taste; when every object of pleasure is placed within reach of the unambitious, all other pursuits are too frequently despised.

A young man in this situation is prone to excess, he seldom waits the natural returns of appetite of any kind: his sensibility is blunted by too frequent enjoyments; what is desired to-day is loathed to-morrow; every thing at a distance,

which bears the name of pleasure, is an object of desire; when present, becomes an object of disgust: all amusements lose their relish. As age advances, caprice, peevishness and tedium augment, till the curtain is dropped, or rather, is pulled down by the impatient actor himself, before the natural end of the drama.

WOMAN.

A WEAK woman always becomes the passive tool of the man on whom she places her affections: he is able to persuade her into measures entirely opposite to the natural bent of her disposition; for although there are more instances of men of sense who act foolishly or ridiculously through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the instances of women being led into acts of great wickedness or atrocity through the influence of men are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature by the instigation of women.

INSENSIBILITY.

THE most selfish villager has no conception of that degree of selfishness and insensibility to the feelings of others which exists among the

sons of luxury and sloth in capitals, where the heart is rendered callous by the daily exhibition of profusion contrasted with want, misery with mirth, and where people are so often the witnesses or accomplices of the ruin of friends or acquaintance.

HAPPY SARCASM.

A WRETCH who had a diabolical rancour against M. Despremenil, was in the beginning of the revolution, accusing him of being an apostate from the cause of the people; and concluded his violent harangue by a proposal, that as his person was not immediately in their power, they should turn his wife and children into the street, and burn his house. A person of presence of mind and humanity, who heard the shocking proposal, exclaimed, " That it would be no punishment to the real criminal, because the house and furniture belonged to the landlord, his wife to the public, and that as for the children, they belonged to some of the best patriots in the company."

This sarcasm, though believed neither by the speaker nor his audience, put them in a humour inconsistent with the horrid proposal, and saved the family of M. Despremenil from destruction.

CHARMS OF A DICTIONARY.

THE Duchess of Brunswick has contributed to make reading very fashionable among the ladies of her court. One of them, whose education had been neglected in her youth, and had arrived at a very ripe age, perceiving that those ladies who were best acquainted with books enjoyed most of her royal highness's attention, resolved to apply herself to study, as reading was so fashionable at court, in order that she might get to the top of the mode as speedily as possible. She imparted this resolution to the duchess, requesting her highness to lend her a book to begin. The duchess applauded her design, and promised to send her one of the most useful books in her library; it was a French and German dictionary. Some days after, her highness enquired how she relished the book. Infinitely, replied this studious lady; it is the most delightful book I ever saw. The sentences are all short, and easily understood, and the words charmingly arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas, in some other books which I have seen, they are mingled together in a confused manner, like a mere mob. I am no longer surprised, added she, at the satisfaction your royal highness takes in study.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I HAVE perceived a certain hardihood and manliness of character in boys who have had a public education, superior to what appears in those of the same age, educated privately.

At a public school, though a general attention is paid to the whole, in many particulars, each boy is necessitated to decide and act for himself. His reputation among his companions depends solely on his own conduct. This gradually strengthens his mind, inspires firmness and decision, and prevents that wavering imbecility observable in those who have been long accustomed to rely upon the assistance and opinion of others.

The young mind has at a public school, the best chance of receiving those sentiments which incline the heart to friendship and correct selfishness.

A boy perceives that courage, generosity, and gratitude command the esteem and applause of all his companions, he cherishes these qualities in his own breast, and endeavours to connect himself in friendship with those who possess them. He sees that meanness of spirit, ingratitude, and perfidy are the objects of detestation. He shuns the boys who display any of these odious qualities.

Boys of high rank and great fortune are apt to imbibe false ideas of their own importance, which in those impartial seminaries will be perfectly ascertained, and the real merit of the youths weighed in juster scales than are generally to be found in a parent's house.

The young peer will be taught by the masters, and still more effectually by his comrades, this most useful of all lessons, to expect distinction and esteem from personal qualities only; because no other can make him estimable, or even save him from contempt. He will see a dunce of high rank flogged with as little ceremony as the son of a tailor, and the richest coward kicked about by his companions equally with the poorest poltroon. He will find that diligence, genius, and spirit are the true sources of superiority and applause, both within and without the school.

Thus the active principle of emulation being allowed full play, in the public schools of England, operates in various ways, and always with a good effect.

MUSEUM.

MANY individuals in Germany have cabinets of natural curiosities, and strangers cannot pay their court better than by requesting to see them. This would be an easy piece of politeness,

if the stranger were allowed to take a view and walk away when he thought proper; but the misfortune is, that the proprietor attends on these occasions, and gives the history of every piece of ore, petrifaction, fossile, wood, and monster that is in the collection. As this lecture is given gratis, he assumes the right of making it as long as he pleases; so that requesting a sight of a private collection of natural curiosities is a more serious matter than persons are aware of.

MEN OF LETTERS.

You can scarcely believe the influence which this body of men have in the gay and dissipated city of Paris. Their opinions not only determine the merit of works of taste and science, but they have considerable weight on the manners and sentiments of people of rank and the public in general, and consequently are not without effect on the measures of government.

The manners of the fashionable world have also an obvious effect upon the air, the behaviour and the conversation of the men of letters, which in general is polite and easy; equally purified from the awkward timidity contracted in retirement; and the disgusting arrogance inspired by university honours or church dignities. At Paris the pedants of Moliere are to be seen on the stage only.

In this country men distinguished by their learning are chearful and easy in mixed company; unpresuming in argument, and in every respect as well bred as those who have no other pretensions.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

RETURNING from Paris to London, I met with a certain Englishman at Calais, who had been exhibiting at some towns in France and Flanders with a swarm of bees, which he pretended to have under his command. Among other manœuvres, he said he could make two swarms of these animals engage in battle with each other; an English swarm, for example, with a French one.

"Pray," said a Frenchman, "can you make which side you please victorious?"

"I could not," replied the other, gravely, "give the victory to the French, unless they were a little more than double the number of the English; because an English bee is precisely equal to two French ones."

"Do *you* really believe, Sir," said the Frenchman to me, "that there is such a difference between French and English bees?" Perhaps, answered I, coldly, the bee-man may have gone too far; but I am inclined to believe that two

English bees would be a pretty good match for three French.

"Ah! Monsieur," said the Frenchman, complaisantly, "cela *peut* être (that *may* be)."

LIBERTY.

BEFORE I left Paris I heard a person who was filled with indignation at the recital of the horrors then committing, cry, "D—n liberty, I abhor its very name." The indignation was just; but surely it was ill directed.

If he had been hearing a recital of the cruelties exercised under the pretext of zeal for the Christian religion, whose essence is mercy and good-will towards men, he might with equal justice and discerment have said, "* * * * * * *—I abhor its very name!"

SPANISH GRANDEES.

THEY seem to be a race apart in that kingdom; they engross the highest offices, and are employed in attendance on the king's person, though very seldom in the affairs of Government. It is said that their education and talents are generally of a nature to prevent this from being a loss to the public. Their per-

sons, as well as their minds, are thought more diminutive than the usual human size in their country. Those who assert this, impute it to their intermarrying constantly with each other, and to some other physical causes. The higher Spanish nobility seldom eat at each other's houses, though they reside the whole year at Madrid; hardly any of them live at their seats in the provinces, or even go at all to the country, except those whose offices oblige them to accompany the royal family, when they visit the different country places, at stated periods of the year. Considering the natural beauty and fertility of many provinces of Spain, it seems surprising that they in general should prefer a town to a country life.

Few of the nobility of Spain display any taste for the pursuits of literature. * What is also singular, is that notwithstanding princes of the House of Bourbon have so long sate on the throne of Spain, yet the nobility of this country are less acquainted with the French language than the nobles of any other European nation: they differ from the great of other nations, likewise, in being as superstitious as the vulgar.

The style of living of the grandees of Spain is not calculated to excite envy in the breasts of those who have a taste for the real enjoyments

* We have heard that Mr. T. J. Matthias entertains no very favourable opinion of the *Spanish Grandees!* Ed.

of life; it is expensive without being elegant; and their expence consists chiefly in an useless number of carriages, mules, and domestics.

There is as little appearance of jealousy in Madrid as in any town of Europe. It were to be wished that the tranquillity which the nobles enjoy on that head was derived from the consciousness of the chastity of their wives: but the very reverse of this is true, if we can rely on the account of those who have long resided in that city.

This alteration in the manners of the nobles seems to have had one good effect; namely, that there is hardly any such thing as assassination on account of jealousy.

NEGROES AN INFERIOR RACE.

"You do not pretend to assert, that negroes are originally on a footing with white people, you will allow, I hope, that they are an inferior race of men." Thus was speaking in company a West India planter.

"I will allow," replied a gentleman present, "that their hair is short, and ours long, that their nose is flat and ours raised, that their skin is black and ours white; yet after all these concessions, I still have my doubts respecting our right to make them slaves."

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

On somebody having observed that it was unfortunate that the great change operated on the wafer in transubstantiation was not visible; an ingenious person, formerly a Jesuit, pronounced the miracle to be much greater on that account. "For, pray Sir," said he, addressing himself to the objector, "suppose I should immediately turn that fowl, pointing to a turkey which was at that moment stalking past, "suppose I should immediately turn that fowl into a woman, would you not think it very extraordinary?—"Certainly;" replied the other. "Well Sir, but after the fowl has to all intents and purposes become a woman, if it still retained the appearance of a turkey you must acknowledge that would be more extraordinary still. In the same manner that after the transubstantiation, the real body of Christ should, even in the eyes of the sharpest sighted, still retain its original form of a wafer, is a great deal more amazing and stupendous than the conversion of the wafer."

ANTINOUS.

In the famous gallery of Florence is a series of Roman emperors. This series is almost complete, but wherever the bust of an emperor is wanting, the place is filled up by that of some

other distinguished Romans. Such an honour is bestowed with great propriety on Seneca, Cicero, or Agrippa the son-in-law of Augustus. But on perceiving a head of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian, an English gentleman whispered to his friend—" That minion," (pointing to the head) " would not have been admitted into such company any where but in Florence." *

VIRGIN MARY.

A PERSON present at the performance of a serious opera, on an Italian stage, after having displayed great signs of satisfaction, cried out, " The composer deserves to be made chief musician to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of angels." †

TRINITY.

AN Italian connoisseur was shewing two famous pieces of painting to some Englishmen travelling in Italy.—" That picture," said he to them, " which represents the Trinity is natural, well grouped, and easily understood; and that is all that can be said for it."

* The Florentines have long been accused of a certain vice.

† It is a popular opinion in Italy, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and excellent judge of music.

SWEEPING CHIMNIES.

An ingenious gentleman proposed as the best and most effectual method of sweeping chimnies, to place a large goose at the top, and then by a string tied round her feet to pull the animal gently down to the hearth. The sagacious projector asserted, that the goose being extremely averse to this method of entering a house would struggle against it with all her might; and during this resistance would move her wings with such force and rapidity as could not fail to sweep the chimney completely.—"Good God," cried a lady present, "how cruel would that be to the poor goose!"—"Why Madam," replied the gentleman, "if you think my method cruel to the goose, a couple of ducks will do."

THE BELIEVER AND THE ATHEIST.

B. That is as certain as that God hath made the world.

A. Pshaw! he did not make the world.

B. (With surprize) No! Who made it then?

A. Why nobody. It never was made.

B. How came it here?

A. Why it has been here from all eternity.

B. I should never have guessed it to be so old. But still you have not informed me how it exists.

A. By chance.

B. By chance!

A. Yes, unquestionably by mere chance. You have no notion of the power of chance.

B. The power of chance!—Chance is blind.

A. Blindness does not diminish power. For, even according to your Bible, Samson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.

B. Sneering is one thing and reasoning is another.

A. Then let us reason——I speak for the power of chance. Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay if a hundred thousand were to be rattled and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?

B. I should humbly conceive, that it rather was the production of an almighty intelligent Maker. I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

A. "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

What do you think of that maxim of Horace?

B. I think it a very good one as he applied it. But I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.

A. Perhaps not, for as you say, he was an *ignorant* heathen, and believed in gods.

B. Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for independent of the Christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent Creator and Governor of the universe.

A. They lead me to no such things. I adhere to chance and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?

B. I say, that was I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to Hell.

A. There again! Why there is no such place.

B. How can you be sure of that?

A. Because the thing is impossible.

B. Did you not assert a little while ago that the world was made by chance?

A. I assert so still!

B. Then how can you be sure that such a place as Hell is not made by chance also?

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher.

B. (With a very serious air) Sir, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly

imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as Hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it.

OFFICER AND SOLDIER.

STRICT discipline is essentially requisite for the well being of an army; without which it degenerates into a lawless mob, more formidable to their friends than enemies; the ravagers, not the defenders of their country.

But it is equally essential that discipline be exercised with temper and with justice; a capricious and cruel exertion of power in officers depresses the spirit of the private men, and extinguishes that daring ardour which glows in the breast of a real soldier.

Is it possible that a man of a generous mind can treat with wanton cruelty those who are not permitted to resist, or even to expostulate, however brave they may be. For common soldiers gallantly face the enemy, when some officers, who are in the habit of using them with insult and cruelty, shrink from the danger.

You are sufficiently acquainted with the condition of private soldiers to know that, when they are treated with all the lenity consistent with proper discipline, still their condition is surrounded with such a variety of hardships, that

every person of humanity must wish it were possible to alleviate it.

Weak as the impression may be which the soldier's hardships make on the cold heart of the gentleman politician, one would naturally expect they should meet with sympathy in the breast of their own officers; the men best acquainted with their situation, whom they are constantly serving and obeying, who are acting in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers though not the same hardships with themselves. It is natural to imagine, that, independent of more generous motives, their own interest, and the idea of self preservation would prompt officers to behave with mildness, at least with equity, to the soldiers under their command. How many officers have been rescued from death, from captivity, by the grateful attachment and intrepidity of the soldiers?

But waving every consideration derived from the idea of personal safety, there is a kind of selfishness which might induce officers to behave well to soldiers; that is the pleasure of alleviating in many respects the unavoidable hardships of our fellow-creatures, and the consciousness of being loved by those around us. Next to the approbation of his own conscience, nothing is so grateful to the heart of man as the love and esteem of mankind. He is an object of compassion, in whatever situation of life he may be placed, who is not sensible of this from his own

experience; and surely no man can be tolerably happy who thinks himself the object of their hatred.

We all know, gentlemen, that the love of soldiers, important as it is to those who command them, may be acquired on easier terms than that of any other set of men; because the habit of obedience, in which they are *bred*, inclines them to *respect* their officers; unbiassed equity in the midst of the strictest discipline commands their *esteem;* and the smallest mark of kindness secures their gratitude and attachment.

PARTIES OF PLEASURE,

Are those where many people are apt to continue, forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously for two or three hours after all relish is fled.

In this dismal condition many remain night after night, because the hour of sleep is not yet arrived;—and what else can they do?

What a listless situation! Without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of passive, gaping oyster state, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bed-chamber, you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

FINE GENTLEMEN.

TILL they have been wound up by their valets, many seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytic: at night they must wait for their servants, before they can undress themselves, and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, the master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen table of an alderman.*

FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

Potsdam, 1778.

YOU express such an earnest desire to be made acquainted with every thing which regards the King of Prussia, that I am in danger to fall in a tedious minuteness. Yet I will risk it, rather than give you reason to complain that I have not gratified your curiosity as fully as it is in my power.

Do not imagine, however, that I presume to draw a complete portrait of this monarch. I shall only attempt a faithful sketch of such fea-

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* To the honour of the British nation, however, this satire is certainly more applicable to *fine ladies* and their maids than to fine gentlemen and their valets.

tures as I have been able to seize in a transient view of him.

The King of Prussia is below the middle size, well made and remarkably active. He has become hardy by exercise, and a laborious life. His look announces spirit and penetration. His features acquire a wonderful degree of animation while he converses. His tone of voice is the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I have ever heard. He speaks a great deal, yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.

The King of Prussia's hours, from four or five in the morning till ten at night, are all dedicated methodically to particular occupations either of business or amusement.

All business with the king is transacted by letters. Every petition or proposal must be made in this form, which is adhered to so invariably, that if any of his generals wished to promote a cadet to the rank of an ensign, he would not venture to make the proposal in any other manner, even though he had daily opportunities of conversing with his majesty.

The meanest of his subjects may apply to him in writing, and are sure of an answer. His first business in the morning is the perusing of papers addressed to him. A single word wrote with his pencil in the margin, indicates the answer to be

given, which is afterwards made out by his secretaries.

He sits down to dinner precisely at noon . of late he allows more time to this repast than formerly. It is generally after three that he leaves the company. Eight or nine of his officers are commonly invited to dine with him. At table the king likes that every person should appear to be on a footing, and that the conversation should be carried on with perfect freedom. I have heard of his bearing some very severe retorts with good humour. He has too much wit himself, and is too fond of it in others to repel its attacks with any other weapons than those which it furnishes.

He is active and assiduous; and he makes it a point that all his ministers and servants shall be so too. But to those who know their business and perform it exactly, he is an easy and equitable master.

His favourites of whatever kind never were able to acquire influence over him in any thing regarding business.

The more I see and hear of this extraordinary man the more am I astonished. He reconciles qualities which I used to think incompatible. I once was of opinion that the mind which stoops to very small objects is incapable of embracing great ones; I am now convinced, that he is an exception; for while few objects are too great for his genius, none seem too small for his attention.

I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the details of business: I now see, that he, who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a compting house.

Many other princes have greater revenues, which, like water spilt on uncultivated land, and assisting the growth of useless weeds, are dissipated without taste or magnificence, on the trumpery of a court and their dependents. Perhaps it was never known what miracles œconomy and assiduity, through all the departments of government, could perform till this monarch made it apparent.

Other monarchs acquire importance from their station, this prince gives importance to his. The traveller, in other countries has a wish to see the king, because he admires the kingdom:—here the object of curiosity is reversed: and let us suppose the palaces, and the town, and the country, and the army of Prussia ever so fine, yet our chief interest in them will arise from their belonging to Frederic the Second.

I will end my sketch of him, by an expression of Count Nesselrode, equally lively and just:—C'est dans l'adversité qu'il brille, lorsqu'il est bien comprimé il a un ressort irresistible."

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Our Gothic ancestors, like the Greeks and Romans, built for posterity. Their ideas in architecture, though different from those of the Grecian artists, were vast, sublime, and generous, far superior to the selfish snugness of modern taste, which is generally confined to one or two generations; the plans of our ancestors with a more extensive benevolence embrace distant ages. Many Gothic buildings, still habitable, evince this, and ought to inspire sentiments of gratitude to those who have not grudged such labour and expence for the accommodation of their remote posterity.

No species of architecture is better calculated for the dwelling of *heavenly pensive contemplation* than the Gothic; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with sublime, solemn, and religious sentiments; the antiquity of the Gothic churches contribute to increase that veneration which their form and size inspire. We naturally feel a respect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms.

CLERGY.

THE number and magnitude of Gothic churches in the different countries of Europe, form a presumption that the clergy were not devoid of public spirit in those days. For if the powerful ecclesiastics had then been entirely actuated by motives of self interest, they would have turned the excessive influence which they had acquired over the minds of their fellow-citizens to purposes more immediately advantageous to themselves; instead of encouraging them to raise magnificent churches, for the use of the public, they might have preached it up as still more meritorious to build fine houses and palaces for the immediate servants and ambassadors of God. But we find very few ecclesiastical palaces, in comparison with the number of churches, which still remain for the public conveniency. This sufficiently shews the injustice of those indiscriminating satirists, who assert that the clergy in all ages and countries have displayed a spirit equally proud and interested.

GRAVITY.

So many ridiculous things occur every day in the world, that men who are endowed with that degree of sensibility which usually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a con-

tinued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt in the grave and learned professions of law, physic and divinity; and the individuals who have been most successful in surmounting it, and who never deviate from the solemnity of established forms, have not been always the most distinguished for real knowledge or genius; though generally they are most admired by the multitude, who are very apt to mistake that gravity for wisdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddiness of understanding. Mistakes of the same kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books, as well as men. Those which profess a formal design to instruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically, till the reader is lulled into repose, have passed for deep and useful performances: while others, replete with original observations and real instruction, have been treated as frivolous, because they are written in a familiar style, and the precepts conveyed in a sprightly and indirect manner.

BRITISH EDUCATION.

I AM of opinion that no country but Great Britain is proper for the education of a British subject who proposes to pass his life in his own country.

He will there acquire those sentiments, that particular turn and taste of mind, which will make him prefer the government, and relish the manners, the diversions, and general way of living which prevail in England.

He will there acquire that character which distinguishes Englishmen from the natives of all the other countries of Europe, and which once attained, however it may be afterwards embellished or deformed, can never be entirely effaced.

It is thought that by an early foreign education, all ridiculous English prejudices will be avoided. This may be true; but other prejudices, perhaps as ridiculous, and much more detrimental, will be formed;—prejudices which may render the young people unhappy in their own country, and disagreeable to their countrymen all the rest of their lives.

Popularity in England is of real importance; and the higher a man's rank is, the more he feels the loss of it. It may be lost by the affectation of French manners. The prejudice against them is not confined to the lower ranks, but diffused over the whole nation. Therefore, the earliest period of every Englisman's education ought to be in England.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.*

SHE loved to descend from the throne, that she might enjoy the comforts of society. Her natural impressions as a woman had more influence on her conduct than the artificial deportment dictated to her as a queen. However necessary the pomp of etiquette and the frigidity of reserve may be to high-born dulness and insipid vanity, they were tasteless and fatiguing to a beautiful and lively woman, inspired with the desire, and conscious of the power of pleasing. Her heart delighted in the confidence of friendship, and preferred that style of society where there was at least an appearance of equality. She distinguished people not so much by the various gradations and shades of heraldry, but as they seemed more or less accomplished or amiable; and by this means mortally offended many illustrious persons of both sexes who had no pretensions of that nature.

Fonder of entertainments than her husband, she had often private suppers, where the usual topics of Parisian conversation, with all the vivacity and freedom of the Parisian societies, took place.

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* It is scarcely necessary to observe that this article was written during the imprisonment of that unfortunate princess in the Temple.

This did not exist long without malignant interpretation. The prudes and duennas of the court, left out of the queen's parties, were offended. Had she been better able to support the languor of pomp and the slavery of etiquette, the eye of suspicion would have been lulled, or kept at a distance, the tongue of slander ever awed, and the gloom of formality removing all idea of pleasure, would have given the court the appearance of mere righteousness by being less gay.

In a beautiful, sprightly, and unguarded *woman* calumny found an easy prey, and afterwards united with sedition, made a joint attack on the queen. She who seemed destined to give lasting peace and prosperity to France, was by malignity represented as the cause of public misery, and the determined enemy of the country.

She fell at last the unfortunate and deeply lamented victim of seditious assassins; but a generous firmness never forsook her in her last moments, as well as in the most trying occasion; of that firmness she gave a strong proof, when advised to withdraw some time from Versailles, she answered, "I am determined never to forsake my husband: if the Parisians are bent upon murdering me, I will die at the feet of the king!"

The annals of the unfortunate do not record any situation more dreadful than that of the unhappy Queen of France.

The daughter of an empress, the sister of emperors, the wife of a king lately considered as the most powerful in Europe, seems now more pre-eminent in wretchedness than ever she was in rank and splendor.

She was not only a queen, but a beautiful woman; not only accustomed to the interested and ostentatious submission that attends power, but to that more pleasing attention and obedience which are paid to beauty. Fortune accompanied her friendship, and happiness her smiles. She found her wishes anticipated, and saw her very looks obeyed. How painful must now be the dreadful reverse! Shut up in a prison, surrounded with barbarians, wretches who rejoice in her calamity, and insult her sorrow!

What has this most unfortunate of women already suffered? What is yet reserved for her to endure? She has been shocked by the cruel murder of her most faithful servants and friends. She now suffers all the agonies of suspense—her heart throbbing from recent wounds, and her mind terrified, not for her own fate only, but for those of her sister, her husband, and her children. No; the annals of the unfortunate do not record, nor has the imagination of the tragic poet invented any thing more dreadfully affecting than the misfortunes and sufferings of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; and for ages to come, her name will never be pronounc-

ed without execrations against the unrelenting wretches who have treated her, and suffered her to be treated so inhumanly.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE grand scale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been considered by some as too vast for the pencil; but among the sweet hills and vallies of Italy her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen and understood, and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano, and Frescati, therefore, are the favorite abodes of the landscape painters who travel to this country for improvement; in the opinion of some, these delightful villages furnish studies better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins, groves, and terraces, which charm the eye as you wander among the shades of Frescati and Albano, which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety.

THE NATURAL SON.

A PERSON who was struck with the symmetry, vigour, and address of a boy, who, with his school-fellow, was playing at cricket, asked a young lord, his comrade, who he was.

The young lord, bursting into laughter, said, "You have asked a question, Sir, very difficult to be answered; nobody knows who the devil he is."

The boy heard the laugh, and suspecting something insulting, walked up coolly to the young lord: "May I request of your lordship to repeat what you have just said."

"All I have said," replied he in a scoffing manner, "is, that nobody knows what you are; you have the misfortune, Sir, not to be known."

"And all I say in return is, that every body knows what *you* are: "you have the *misfortune*, my lord, *to be* known."

STREET ORATORS.

AT Naples, they repeat, in a solemn raised voice, and with great gesticulation, stanzas from various Italian poets, adding occasional commentaries in prose.

At Venice, those mountebanks gain their livelihood by amusing the populace at St. Mark's

Place with wonderful and romantic stories in prose.

At Rome, those street orators sometimes entertain their audience with interesting passages of real history; one gave, for instance, a full and true account how the bloody heathen emperor Nero set fire to the city of Rome, and sat at a window of his golden palace, playing on a harp, while the town was in flames. After which the historian proceeded to relate, how this unnatural emperor murdered his own mother; and then concluded by giving his audience the satisfaction of hearing a particular detail of all the ignominious circumstances attending the murderer's own death.

This business of street oratory, while it amuses the populace, and keeps them from less innocent and more expensive pastimes, gives them at the same time some general ideas of history.

STATUES.

Rome.

Do not suspect me of affectation, when I tell you, that I have very great pleasure in contemplating the antique statues and busts.—It is a natural curiosity to see celebrated men, those whose talents and great qualities can alone render the present age an interesting object to

posterity, and prevent its being lost, like the dark ages which succeeded the destruction of the Roman empire, in the oblivious vortex of time, leaving scarcely a wreck behind. The busts and statues of a *Pitt* and of a *Frederic*, those memorable men, will be viewed by succeeding generations with the same regard and attention which we now bestow on those of Cicero and Cæsar. We expect to find something peculiarly noble and expressive in features which were animated, and which we imagine must have been in some degree modelled by the sentiments of those to whom they belonged. It is not rank, it is character alone which interests posterity; we therefore give little attention to the busts or coins of the vulgar emperors. In the countenance of Claudius we expect nothing more noble than the phlegmatic tranquillity of an acquiescing cuckold; in Caligula or Nero, the unrelenting frown of a negro driver, or the insolent air of an unprincipled ruffian in power. But in the face of Julius we expect to find the traces of deep reflection, magnanimity, and the anxiety natural to the man who had overturned the liberties of his native country; and in the face of Marcus Brutus we look for independence, conscious integrity, and a mind capable of the highest effort of virtue.

It is natural to regret, that, of the number of antique statues which have come to us tolerably entire, so great a proportion are representations

of gods and goddesses. However the statues of those deities are not uninteresting. Though they are imaginary beings, yet each of them has a distinct character of his own of classical authority, which has been long impressed on our memories; and we assume the right of deciding on the artist's skill. From the ancient artists having exercised their genius in forming the images of an order of beings superior to mankind, a great advantage is supposed to have followed—it prompted them to attempt the uniting, in one form, the various beauties which nature had dispersed in many. Repeated efforts of this kind are imagined to have inspired some of the ancient sculptors with sublimer ideas of beauty than nature herself ever exhibited, as appears in some of their works which have reached our time.

We must have a very high idea of the number of statues of one kind or other which were in old Rome, when we consider how many are still to be seen, how many have at different periods been carried away by the curious to every country in Europe; how many were mutilated by the Gothic brutality of barbarians, and the ill-directed zeal of the early christians. Had they not been thus barbarously hewed to pieces, and buried (I had almost said) alive, we might have had several equal to the great masterpieces in the Vatican.

NATURAL TASTE.

I HAPPENED lately to be at the Palazzo Pitti with a person who is perfectly well acquainted with all the pictures of any merit in Florence. While he explained the peculiar excellencies of Pietro's manner, a gentleman in company (who, although he does not pretend to the smallest skill in pictures, would rather remain ignorant for ever, than listen to the lectures of a connoisseur) walked on by himself into the other apartments, while I endeavoured to profit by my instructor's knowledge. When the other gentleman returned, he said, "I know no more of painting than my pointer; but there is a picture in one of the other rooms which I would rather have than all those you seem to admire so much; it is the portrait of a healthy handsome countrywoman, with her child in her arms. I cannot help thinking the colour very natural. The young woman's countenance is agreeable, and expressive of fondness and the joy of a mother o'er a first born. The child is a robust chubby-cheeked fellow, such as the son of a peasant should be."

We followed him into the room, and the picture which pleased him so much was the famous Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael. Our instructor immediately called out, "*Viva!*" and pronounced him a man of genuine taste; be-

cause without previous knowledge or instruction, he had fixed his admiration on the finest picture in Florence. But this gentleman, as soon as he understood what the picture was, disclaimed all title to praise; "Because," said he, "although when I considered that picture simply as the representation of a blooming country wench hugging her child, I admired the art of the painter, and thought it one of the truest copies of nature I ever saw; yet I confess my admiration is much abated, now that you inform me his intention was to represent the Virgin Mary."—"Why so?" replied the Cicerone; "the Virgin Mary was not of higher rank: she was but a poor woman, living in a little village in Gallilee."—"No rank in life," said the other, "could give additional dignity to the person who had been told by an angel from Heaven, that she had found favour with God; that her son should be called the Son of the Highest, and who herself was conscious of all the miraculous circumstances attending his conception and birth. In the countenance of such a woman, besides comeliness, and the usual affection of a mother, I looked for the most lively expressions of admiration, gratitude, virgin modesty, and divine love. And when I am told, the picture is by the greatest painter that ever lived, I am disappointed in perceiving no traces of that kind in it."—What

justice there is in this gentleman's remarks, I leave it to better judges than I pretend to be, to determine.

THE SOUTH AND NORTH BRITON.

"Do you really, in your conscience," said an Englishman to a Scotchman, "imagine that the Forth is a finer river than the Thames?"—"The Thames!" exclaimed the north Briton," "why, my dear Sir, the Thames at London is a mere gutter in comparison of the Frith of Forth at Edinburgh."—"I suppose, then," said the Englishman, "that you do not approve of the view of Windsor castle?"—"I ask your pardon," replied the other," I approve it very much—it is an exceeding pretty kind of a prospect: the country appears from it as agreeable to the sight as any plain flat country, crowded with trees and intersected by inclosures, can well do; but I own I am of opinion, that mere fertile fields, woods, rivers, and meadows can never of themselves perfectly satisfy the eye."—"You imagine, no doubt," said the Englishman, "that a few heath-covered mountains and rocks embellish a country very much?"—"I am precisely of that opinion," said the Scot; "and you will as soon convince me that a woman may be completely beautiful with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair complexion, though she should

not have a nose on her face, as that a landscape or country can be completely beautiful without a mountain."—" What do you think," said the Englishman, " of the palace of St. James's ?—" It is," exclaimed the Scot, " a scandal to the nation; it is both a shame and a sin, that so great a monarch as the King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, with his royal family, should live in a shabby old cloister, hardly good enough for monks. The palace of Holyrood-house, indeed, is a residence fit for a king."—" And the gardens—pray what sort of gardens have you belonging to that palace ?" said the. Englishman; " I have been told you do not excel in those."—" But we excel in gardeners," replied the other, " which are as much preferable as the creator is preferable to the created."—" I am surprised, however," rejoined the south Briton, " that in a country like yours, where there are so many creators, so very few fruit gardens are created."—" Why, Sir, it is not to be expected," said the Scotchman, " that any one country will excel in every thing. Some enjoy a climate more favourable for peaches, and vines, and nectarines; but by G——, Sir, no country on earth produces better men and women than Scotland."—" I dare say, none does," replied the other: " so as France excels in wine, England in wool and oxen, Arabia in horses, and other countries in other animals, you imagine Scotland excels all others in the

human species."—"What I said, Sir, was, that the human species in no country excelled those in Scotland."—"You will then permit me to observe," said the Englishman, "that men being its staple commodity, it must be owned that Scotland carries on a brisk trade of *exportation*; you will find Scotchmen in all the countries of the world."—"So much the better for all the countries of the world," said the Scotchman; "for every body knows that the Scotch cultivate and improve the arts and sciences wherever they go. But there are various reasons," continued he, "for so many of my countrymen sojourning in London: that city is now in some measure the capital of Scotland as well as of England. Upon the whole, the advantages which England derives from the union are manifest."—"I shall be obliged to you," said the Englishman, "if you will enumerate a few of them."—"Has she not," resumed the Scot, "has she not greatly increased in wealth since that time? Has she not acquired a million and half of subjects? Has she not acquired security? There is no door open now, Sir, by which the French can enter into your country: they dare as soon be d—— as attempt to invade Scotland. Without a perfect union with Scotland, England could not enjoy the principal benefit she derives from her insular situation."—"Not till Scotland should be subdued," said the Englishman.—"Subdued!" repeated the astonished Scot;

" let me tell you, Sir, that it is a very strange hypothesis; if you are conversant in history you will find, that after the decline of the Roman empire, the course of conquest was from the *north to the south.*"—" You mean," said the south Briton, " that Scotland would have conquered England."—" Sir," replied the other, " I think the English as brave a nation as ever existed, and therefore I will not say that the Scotch are braver; but I am sure, that rather than submit, they would try to subdue the English, and you will admit that the trial would be no advantage to either country."—" Although I am fully convinced," said the Englishman, " how the experiment would end, I should be sorry to see it made."—" Yet, Sir, there are people of your country, as I am told, who endeavour to exasperate the minds of the inhabitants of one part of Great Britain against the natives of the other, and to create dissensions between two countries whose mutual safety depends on their good agreement; two countries whom nature herself, by separating them from the rest of the world, and encircling them with her azure bond of union, seems to have intended for one."—" I do assure you, my good Sir," said the English gentleman, " I am not of the number of those who wish to raise such dissension. I love the Scotch; I always thought them a sensible and gallant people."—" You are a man of honour and discernment," said the Caledonian, seizing him eagerly

by the hand; "and I protest, without prejudice or partiality, that I never knew a man of that character who was not of your way of thinking."

FLORENCE

Is unquestionably a very beautiful city. Independent of the churches and palaces, some of which are very magnificent, the architecture of the houses in general is in a good taste, the streets are remarkably clean, and paved with large broad stones, chiselled so as to prevent the horses from sliding. This city is divided into two unequal parts by the river Arno, over which there are no les than four bridges in sight of each other. That called the Ponte Della Trinita is uncommonly elegant: it is built entirely of white marble, and ornamented with four beautiful statues, representing the four seasons. The quays, the builings on each side, and the bridges, render that part of Florence through which the river runs, by far the finest.

The number of inhabitants in Florence is calculated by some at eighty thousand. The streets, squares, and fronts of the palaces are adorned with a great number of statues; some of whom by the best modern masters, Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Donatello, Giovani di Bologna, Benvenulo, Cellini, and others. A taste for the arts must be kept alive, independent al-

most of any other encouragement, in a city where so many specimens are continually before the eyes of the inhabitants.

Florence has been equally distinguished by a spirit for commerce and for the fine arts—two things which are not always united. Some of the Florentine merchants formerly were men of vast wealth, and lived in a most magnificent manner. One of them, about the middle of the fifteenth century, built that noble fabric, which, from the name of its founder, is still called the Palazzo Pitti. The man was ruined by the prodigious expence of this building, which was immediately purchased by the Medici family, and has continued ever since to be the residence of the sovereigns. The gardens belonging to this palace are on the declivity of an eminence. On the summit there is a kind of fort, called Belvedere. From this you have a complete view of Florence, and the beauteous vale of Arno, in the middle of which it stands. The prospect is bounded on every side by an amphitheatre of fertile hills, adorned with country houses and gardens.

Society seems to be on an easy and agreeable footing in Florence. Besides the conversaziones which they have here as in other towns of Italy, a number of the nobility meet every day at a house called the Casino. This society is pretty much on the same footing with the clubs in London. They meet at no particular hour. They

play at billiards, cards, and other games, or continue conversing the whole evening. They are served with tea, coffee, lemonade, ices, or what other refreshment they choose. Women as well as men are members of this club.

The opera at Florence is a place where the people of quality pay and receive visits, and converse as freely as at the Casino above mentioned.

On the evenings on which there is no opera, it is usual for the genteel company to drive to a public walk immediately without the city, where they remain till it begins to grow duskish.

The Jews are not held in that degree of odium, or subjected to the same humiliating distinctions here in Florence, as in some other cities in Europe. Some of the richest merchants are of that religion.

Few cities in Europe of the same size as Florence afford so fine a field of amusement to those who are fond of churches, palaces public buildings, &c. But the lovers of architecture will be shocked to find several of the finest churches without fronts, which, according to some, is owing to a real deficiency of money; while others assert, they are left in this condition as a pretext for levying contributions to finish them. The chapel of St. Lorenzo is, perhaps, the finest and most expensive habitation that ever was reared for the dead. It is encrusted with precious stones, and adorned with the

workmanship of the best modern sculptors.—Some complain that it has a gloomy appearance. There seems to be no impropriety in that, considering what the building was intended for.

The statues which ornament the streets and squares of Florence amount to about one hundred and fifty; many of them of exquisite workmanship, and admired by those of the best taste.

Churches, and palaces, and statues are no doubt ornamental to a city; and the princes are praise-worthy who have taken pains to rear and collect them; but the greatest of all ornaments are cheerful happy living countenances. The taste is not general; but there are some people, who, to a perfect knowledge and unaffected love of the fine arts, join a passion for a collection of this kind, who cannot without uneasiness see one face in a different style, and whose lives and fortunes are employed in smoothing the corrosions of penury and misfortune, and restoring the *original air* of satisfaction and cheerfulness to the human countenance. Happy the people whose sovereign is inspired with this species of *vertù!*

UTILITY OF TRAVELLING ABROAD.

Paris.

THERE are so many resources at Paris, that it always requires a great effort to write letters of any considerable length from such a place. But now that I have resolution to take up my pen, I shall endeavour to clear the debt for which you dun me so unmercifully. I own I am surprised that you should require my opinion on the uses of foreign travel, after perusing (as you must have done) the dialogues lately published by an eminent divine, equally distinguished for his learning and taste.

After a young man has employed his time to advantage at a public school, and has continued his application to various branches of science till the age of twenty, you ask what are the advantages he is likely to reap from a tour abroad.

He will see mankind more at large, and in numberless situations and points of view in which they cannot appear in England, or any one country. By comparing the various customs and usages, and hearing the received opinions of different countries, his mind will be enlarged. He will be enabled to correct the theoretical notions he may have formed of human nature, by the practical knowledge of men. By contemplating their various religions, laws, and governments, in *action*, as it were, and observing the effects they produce on the minds and characters of the

people, he will be able to form a juster estimate of their value than otherwise he could have done. He will see the natives of other countries, not as he sees them in England, mere idle spectators, but busily employed in their various characters, as actors on their own proper stage. He will gradually improve in the knowledge of *character*, not of Englishmen only, but of men in general; he will cease to be deceived either by the varnish with which men are apt to heighten their own actions, or the dark colours in which they too often paint those of others. He will learn to distinguish the real from the ostensible motive of men's words and behaviour. Finally, by being received with hospitality, conversing familiarly, and living in the reciprocal exchange of good offices with those whom he considers as enemies, or in some unfavorable point of view, the sphere of his benevolence and good will to his brethren will gradually enlarge. His friendships extending beyond the limits of his own country, will embrace characters congenial with his own in other nations. Seas, mountains, rivers are geographical boundaries, but they never limited the good will or esteem of one liberal mind. As for his manner, though it will probably not be so janty as if he had been bred in France from his earliest youth, yet that also will in some degree be improved.

A young man of fortune, by spending a few years abroad, will gratify a natural and laudable

curiosity, and pass a certain portion of his life in an agreeable manner. He will form an acquaintance with that boasted nation whose superior taste and politeness are universally acknowledged; whose fashions and language are adopted by all Europe; and who in science, in power, and commerce are the rivals of Great Britain. He will have opportunities of observing the political constitution of the German empire—that complex body, formed by a confederacy of princes, ecclesiastics, and free cities, comprehending countries of vast extent, inhabited by a hardy race of men, distinguished for solid sense and integrity, who, without having equalled their sprightlier neighbours in works of taste or imagination, have shewn what prodigious efforts of application the human mind is capable of in the severest and least amusing studies, and whose armies exhibit the most perfect models of military discipline.

Viewing the remains of Roman taste, he will feel a thousand emotions of the most interesting nature; while those whose minds are not like his, stored with classical knowledge, gaze with tasteless wonder, or phlegmatic indifference; and exclusive of those monuments of antiquity, he will naturally desire to be acquainted with the present inhabitants of a country which at different periods has produced men, who, by one means or another, have distinguished them-

selves so eminently from their cotemporaries of other nations. At one period, having subdued the world by the wisdom and firmness of their councils, and the disciplined viogur of their armies, Rome became at once the seat of empire, learning, and the arts.

Lastly, by visiting other countries, a subject of Great Britain will acquire a greater esteem than ever for the constitution of his own. Freed from vulgar prejudices, he will perceive that the blessings and advantages which his countrymen enjoy, do not flow from their superiority in wisdom, courage, or virtue over the other nations of the world, but in some degree from the peculiarity of their situation in an island; and above all, from those just and equitable laws which secure property, that mild free government which abhors tyranny, protects the meanest subject, and leaves the mind of man to its own exertions, unrestrained by those arbitrary, capricious, and impolitic shackles which confine and weaken its noblest endeavours in almost every other country in Europe. This animates industry, creates fertility, and scatters plenty over the boisterous island of Great Britain, with a profusion unknown in the neighbouring nations, who behold with astonishment so many British subjects roaming discontented through the lands of despotism in search of that happiness which they have a much better prospect of enjoying in their own country.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui transmare currunt.
Strenua nor exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est.*

JUBILEE

Is a ceremony evidently an imitation of the Roman secular games which were exhibited every hundredth year in honour of the gods.† They lasted three days and three nights; they were attended with great pomp, and drew vast numbers of people to Rome from all parts of Italy and the most distant provinces.

Boniface the Eighth recollecting this, determined in the year 1300 to introduce something analogous, which might immortalise his own name, promote the interest of the Roman Catholic religion in general, and that of the city of Rome in particular. He invented a few extraordinary ceremonies, and declared the year 1300 the first jubilee year, during which he assured mankind that Heaven would be in a particular manner propitious in granting indulgences and remission

* If they, who through the vent'rous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate, change,
Anxious through seas and lands, to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.

† The Carmen Seculare of Horace was composed on occasion of those celebrated by Augustus in the year of Rome, 736.

of sins to all who should come to Rome, and attend the functions there to be performed at this fortunate period, which was not to occur again for a hundred years. This drew a great concourse of wealthy sinners to Rome; and the extraordinary circulation of money it occasioned was strongly felt all over the pope's dominions.

Clement the Sixth, regretting that these advantages should occur so seldom, abridged the period, and declared there would be a jubilee every fifty years; the second was accordingly celebrated in the year 1350.

Sixtus the Fifth imagining that the space was still too long, once more retrenched the half; and ever since there has been a jubilee every twenty-fifth year. It is not likely that any future pope will think of shortening this period; for instead of the wealthy pilgrims who flocked anciently to Rome from every quarter of Christendom, most of those who come now are supported by alms during their journey, or are barely able to defray their own expences by the strictest œconomy; and his holiness at present is supposed to derive no other advantage from the uncommon fatigue he is obliged to go through on the jubilee year except the satisfaction he feels in reflecting on the benefit his labours confer on the souls of the beggars, and other travellers, who resort from all corners of Italy to Rome on this blessed occasion.

The states which border on the pope's dominions suffer many temporal inconveniencies from the zeal of the peasants and manufacturers, the greater part of whom still make a point of visiting St. Peter's on the jubilee year. The loss sustained by the countries which such emigrants abandon, is not balanced by any advantage transferred to that to which they resort, the good arising in the whole being entirely of a spiritual nature. The greater number of pilgrims come from the kingdom of Naples, whose inhabitants are said to be of a very devout and very amorous disposition. The first prompts them to go to Rome in search of that absolution which the second renders necessary; and on the year of jubilee, when indulgences are to be had at an easier rate than at any other time, those who can afford it, generally carry away such a stock as not only is sufficient to clear old scores, but will also serve as an indemnifying fund for future transgressions.

IGNORANCE OF PHYSICIANS.

Alas! how is it possible that physicians should avoid mistakes? If the ablest mechanic were to attempt to remedy the irregular movements of a watch, while he remained ignorant of the structure and manner of acting of some of the principal springs, would he not be in danger of doing harm instead of good? Physicians are

in the situation of such a mechanic; for altho' it is evident that the nerves are the organs of motion and sensation, yet their structure is not known. Some anatomists assert they are impervious chords; others, that they are slender tubes, containing a fluid. But what the nature of this fluid is, whether it serves only to nourish the nerves themselves, or is the medium by which they convey feeling and the power of motion to other parts, is not ascertained even by those who argue for its existence; far less is it explained in what manner ideas, formed within the brain, can, by the means of solid chords, or by a fluid contained in tubes, communicate motion at pleasure to the legs and arms. We are ignorant why the will, which has no influence over the motion of an animal's heart, should find the feet obedient to her dictates; and we can no more explain how a man can move one leg over the other by volition or the mere act of willing, than how he could by the same means move Ossa on the Olympus. The one happens every moment; the other would be considered as a miracle; but they are equally unaccountable. While parts so infinitely essential to human life are not understood, instead of being surprised that so many diseases baffle the skill of the physician, we have more reason to be astonished that any can be alleviated or cured by his art.

POOR.

LET the prince be distinguished by splendor and magnificence; let the great and the rich have their luxuries; but in the name of humanity let the poor, who are willing to labour, have food in abundance to satisfy the cravings of nature, and raiment to defend them from the inclemencies of the weather.

If their governors, whether from weakness or neglect, do not supply them with these, they certainly have a right to help themselves. Every law of equity and common sense will justify them in revolting against such governors, and in satisfying their own wants from the superfluities of lazy luxury.

ENGLAND.

LET me address to the empty declaimers of opposition the following eloquent eloge of England, pronounced by Mirabeau in the French national assembly.

"England is ruined, you say; ah! great God! what dreadful news! Where or by what means is England destroyed? By what earthquake or convulsions of nature has that famous island been swallowed up? That abounding theatre of great action, that classic ground of liberty. No —England still flourishes for the eternal instruc-

tion of the world; England developes every species of industry, and traces every source of human prosperity."

IGNORANCE.

Those whose importance and wealth arise from oppressive privilege, or enjoyment of sinecure offices, wish every abuse to remain sacred and untouched, and fear nothing so much as the diffusion of knowledge. They consider the exercise of reason as a curse to the lower classes of society; and execrate philosophy and philosophers as the disturbers of the peace of mankind. They quote in support of these assertions the crimes of the French revolution. By the same train of reasoning, they might endeavour to prove that lamps and candles, and all the inventions by which men have contrived to obtain light and dissipate darkness are pernicious to society, because house-breakers and murderers make use of dark lanterns. Because the patriotism of many Frenchmen at the beginning of the revolution, to reform abuses, and obtain a free constitution, has failed of success, is mankind never to make a similar attempt again, but rather to combine in establishing despotic governments of Herculean force to crush the Hydra democracy wherever she tries to rear her savage head? As the spirit of freedom is

France has been perverted to the most wicked purposes, is the spirit of passive obedience and slavish submission to be alone cherished in every country, and honoured by every government, for the tranquillity of the human race? Completely to secure the peace of all the governing powers, would it be expedient to grant it the authority in times of alarm, to oblige all suspected persons to wear fetters, since nobody can deny the wisdom and justice of putting madmen and murderers in chains?

GENEVA, AS IT WAS.

The situation of Geneva is in many respects as happy as the heart of man could desire, or his imagination conceive. The Rhone, rushing out of the noblest lake of Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the industry, and adorned by the riches and taste, of the inhabitants.

With these advantages, the citizens of Geneva enjoy freedom untainted by licentiousness, and security unbought by the horrors of war.

The great number of men of letters who either are members of the place, or have chosen it for their residence, the decent manners, the easy circumstances, and humane dispositions of the Genevois in general, render this city and its environs a very desirable retreat for people of a

philosophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments, or domestic reasons for preferring another country, and who wish in a certain degree to retire from the bustle of the world to a narrower and calmer scene, and there for the rest of their days

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

In sweet oblivion, blissful balm,
The busy cares of life becalm.

Here the amusements of life are few in number, and of a moderate kind; the hours glide along very smoothly, and though they are not always quickened by pleasure, they are unretarded by languor, and unruffled by remorse.

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva of both sexes are remarkably well instructed. I do not imagine that any country in the world can produce an equal number of persons (taken without election from all degrees and professions) with minds so much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva possess.

The democratical nature of their government inspires every citizen with the idea of his own importance: he perceives that no man in the republic can insult or even neglect him with impunity.

There is not, I may venture to say, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are less

under the influence of superstition or fanatical enthusiasm than at Geneva.

Its clergy in general are men of sense, learning, and moderation, impressing upon the minds of their hearers the tenets of christianity with all the graces of pulpit eloquence, and illustrating the efficacy of the doctrine by their conduct in life. The people of every station in this place attend sermons and the public worship with remarkable punctuality. The Sunday is honored with the most respectful devotion during the hours of divine service; but as soon as it is over all the usual amusements commence.

The public walks are crowded by all degrees of people in their best dresses. The different societies, and what they call circles, assemble in the houses and gardens of individuals: they play at cards and at bowls, and have parties upon the lake with music.

The higher classes of the citizens have country houses adjacent to the town, where they pass one half of the year. These houses are all of them neat, and some of them splendid. One piece of magnificence they possess in greater perfection than the most superb villa of the greatest lord in any other part of the world can boast, I mean the prospect which almost all of them command—the gardens and vineyards of the republic—the Pays de Vaud—Geneva with its lake—innumerable country seats—castles and little towns around the lake—the vallies of Sa-

voy—and the lofty mountains of the Alps, all within one sweep of the eye.

The state keep in pay a garrison of six hundred mercenaries, who mount guard and do duty every day. But they do not trust the safety of the republic to these alone: all citizens of Geneva are soldiers. As they receive no pay, and as the officers are their fellow-citizens, it cannot be imagined that these troops will perform the manual exercise and military evolutions with the exactness of soldiers who have no other occupation, and who are under all the rigour of military discipline.

Nevertheless they make a respectable figure in the eyes even of disinterested spectators, who are, however, but few in number, the greater part consisting of their own parents, wives, and children. So I dare swear there are no troops in the world who, at a review, are beheld with more approbation than those of Geneva.

Like a free state, it is exposed to party rage, and the public harmony is frequently interrupted by political squabbles.

There are some politicians of Geneva who deride, themselves, the little military establishment of the republic, and declaim against the needless expence of keeping the fortifications in repair.

Were I a member of the republic, I should have no patience with these discouraging malcontents, who endeavour to embitter a source of real enjoyment.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the most solid security Geneva has for its independency is the mutual jealousy of its neighbours.*

POLITICAL BLINDNESS.

THE records of the world do not afford a more striking example of the short-sightedness of those celebrated for the most penetrating judgment than the following speech of Mirabeau in the national assembly, contrasted with all the scenes of the French revolution.

"How honourable will it be for France that this great revolution should be accomplished without offence and without crimes! Some of the most considerable states have not been able to obtain liberty but at the expence of the most precious blood. England underwent a whole age of civil wars and convulsions before she had her laws confirmed. America herself did not enjoy that inestimable blessing, liberty, until after many desperate and bloody battles. And we have the happiness to see a revolution of the same nature brought about by the union of enlightened minds with patriotic intentions. Our battles are mere discussions; our enemies have pardonable prejudices; our victories, so far from

* With the most extreme sorrow the Editor must inform the reader, who might be a stranger to the political events of the three last years, that this security no longer exists. The independence of his native city is no more.——F. P.

being cruel, will be blessed by the conquered themselves."

Mirabeau himself did not live long enough to be a witness or a victim of the cruellest of these scenes of anarchy or bloodshed, so contrary to his expectations, which soon followed.—A noblesse degraded and driven into exile—a clergy massacred—the most distinguished deputies brought to the scaffold—a tribunal of assassins, the instruments of a thousand murders—and instead of liberty and equality, a despotism which rendered the whole inhabitants of France *equally* slaves—the hopes of many millions of men miserably blasted.

The friends of rational freedom who had beheld its beginning in France, saw then its degeneracy with disappointment, grief, and horror.

GENEROSITY.

It is an error to imagine that men in the lowest rank of life are unsusceptible of heroic and generous sentiments. All who are susceptible of enthusiasm are capable of being actuated by them. It is the minions of fortune, those who have been pampered from their infancy, by the hands of luxury, and early accustomed to every kind of profusion, whose minds sink into torpor for want of exertion; it is such as those that are more likely to be unsusceptible of generous sentiments.

FIRMNESS.

An English sailor was tried for a robbery he had committed on the high way. While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. He then bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern; Sirrah, said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, do you know that you are to be hanged in a short time?—So I hear, said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth.—Do you know, rejoined the judge, where you will go when you die?—I cannot tell indeed, an't please your honour, said the sailor.—Why, then, cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, I will tell you: you will go to hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity.—If I should, replied the sailor, with perfect tranquillity, I hope, my Lord, I shall be able to bear it.

ILL-FATED MURDERER.

A native of Berlin, had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow who assumed the character of a fortune-teller; and having disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied, that this man should die on a scaffold. This

seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination.—At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands had he not been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide; He resolved therefore to commit murder; that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin, but dying in innocence would go immediately to heaven. He actually murdered an infant of his master's. Such was the strange account this infatuated creature gave on his trial; and thus the random prophecy proved the cause of its own completion.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

From all I have heard of that Monarch, he is a man of integrity, devoid of ambition, but with an uncommon share of indolence; whose

disposition is better than his understanding; and his understanding superior to his conduct: whose inclinations are naturally benevolent; whose opinions are generally just, but whose actions are sometimes improper, because they are influenced by those who possess less rectitude than himself.

The whole reign of Louis, has been a reign of moderation. He has always manifested a desire to meet the wishes of his subjects. I am persuaded that none of his ancestors had so just a claim to the epithets which the public and historians have affixed to their names, as the unfortunate Louis XVI. has to that of *Louis le trop bon.*

Terror has acted a principal part since the beginning of the French Revolution. Terror prevented sympathy from appearing in the faces of many who felt it in their hearts for the unfortunate monarch, during his process, and terror at last pronounced the sentence of his death.

Thus did the French nation, who had endured the cruelties of Louis the Eleventh, the treachery of Charles the Ninth, and the tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, condemn and execute for the pretended crimes of cruelty, treachery, tyranny, the mildest, most just, and least tyrannical prince that ever sat on their throne.

The whole of his behaviour in the last and dismal scene of his life shewes a manly and christian resignation, to a fate which he thought

inevitable, and proved that his hopes were removed from earth to heaven.

SPIRIT.

In a company where Mons. le Kain was, mention happened to be made that the King of France had just granted a a pension to a certain superanuated actor. An officer present fixing his eyes on le Kain, expressed his indignation at so much being bestowed on a rascally player, while he himself had got nothing.—"Eh, Monsieur," retorted the actor, "Comptez-vous pour rien la liberté de me parler ainsi?"

JOHN BULL.

When my honest friend is in a choleric humour, he will not spare his best friends and nearest neighbours.—If his own sister Peg should shew a disposition to forget old squabbles, to live in friendship with her brother, and should declare that all who renounced his friendship were her enemies, and resolve to conquer by his side, or if that should fail, to die hard along with him—No, d—n ye, says John, none of your coaxing: you be d—d! you are farther north than I—Keep your distance.—And so he falls a pelting Peg with her own snow balls; and then

turning from her he attacks Lewis Baboon, Lord Strut, Lord Peter, and dashes their soups maigré, alios, and maccaroni, full in their teeth.

ARTIST'S MODESTY.

A PAINTER and great connoisseur whom the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great, had disgusted by rejecting some pictures of his recommending, said, speaking of the King, the man imagines, because he can play on the German flute and has been praised by a parcel of Poets and Philosophers, and has gained ten or a dozen of battles, that therefore he understands painting; but fighting battles is one thing, and a true knowledge of painting is another, and that he will find to his cost.

STONE EATER.

NEAR the old chateau of Cassel is a colonade of small pillars lately built. The slimness of their form appears the more remarkable on account of their vicinity to this gothic structure.

Some time since a mountebank came to Cassel, who, besides many other wonderful feats pretended that he could swallow and digest stones. A Hessian officer walking before the

chateau with an English Gentleman, asked him what he thought of the fine new colonade?—It is very fine indeed, replied the stranger; but if you wish it to be durable, you ought to take care not to allow the mountebank to walk this way before breakfast.

DESPOTISM AND ANARCHY.

Of all the evils which have attended the French revolution, the most important to mankind in general, is perhaps that it weakens the indignation which every liberal mind naturally feels for despotism, and inclines them to submit to the awful tranquillity of methodised oppression, rather than risk such scenes of anarchy and carnage as have been exhibited lately in France.

Yet it ought to be remembered that despotism, though less savage, is more hopeless than anarchy, which contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction; whereas, the pillars of despotism, being artfully arranged for the support of each other, as well as of that of the general fabric, may stand for ages.

Besides, every nation is not possessed of the impetuosity of the French, which at the first sensation of freedom has hurried them headlong into excesses without any rational object. Like the lunatic who makes use of his liberty in at-

tacking every body around and fighting furiously, till his strength being exhausted, he is again brought back to his fetters.

MISTAKEN VANITY.

THOSE who have had the curiosity to visit the houses of Princes and villas of nobility, may have remarked with what ostentation and pride the house-keeper and servants conduct strangers through magnificent apartments: they enjoy the admiration of the visitors, and swell with self-importance in proportion to the richness of furniture. They are not, however, more grossly mistaken than those proprietors, who, deriving all their importance from the same quarter, think it amounts to a great deal.

MODEST LETTER.

THE following translation of some fragments of a letter from Rouyer, a member of the Convention, to the unfortunate Louis XVI. found in an iron chest, concealed in a cavity of the wall of the palace; affords one of the strongest proofs of self-sufficiency and presumption that has been recorded in history or fable since the days of Phaeton.

March, 1792.

" SIRE,

" DEEPLY concerned for the misfortunes of my country, I have also reflected on her innumerable resources; I have sounded her wounds, and calculated her force.

" I have a secret which will within two months heal her wounds, dissipate her alarms, annihilate her dangers, and restore to France the tranquillity which has fled from her, and the dignity which becomes her; and to the crown the public love which renders it secure, and the splendor which adorns it.

" Sire, if you place the whole power of the state in my hands, I engage to re-establish peace within, importance from without, general felicity and the royal authority.

" I will reveal to you what your Ministers conceal, and I will instruct you in what they are ignorant.

" I am so well acquainted, Sire, with our force, that on contemplating the enemies which threaten us, I can scarcely suppress a sentiment of pity.

" I have thrown my eyes on all the courts of Europe, and I am certain of being able to force them into Peace.

" I shall enjoy in silence the fruit of my counsel.—Satisfied with the general prosperity, I shall direct the gratitude to your Majesty."

The above letter is truly a curiosity of its kind; and could not have been written but by a Frenchman in a delirium of vanity.

DEER HUNTING IN SPAIN,

Is conducted in the following manner:—a great number of peasants are ordered to form a circle, embracing a considerable extent of ground in which herds of deer abound, by the people advancing, the circle gradually becomes more narrow, and the deer are driven into a defile, where his Majesty and attendants are waiting in ambush; and as the terrified animals run past, he has the honour of killing or wounding them till he is tired.

"Is this hunting?" said an English Gentleman to another who gave him the account.—He answered parodying the lines of Pope.

"——— It is, alas! too clear,
"'Tis but the *slaughter* of some hundred deer."

PORTRAIT.

"Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who shewed him a portrait that he had just finished; "I have made that attempt

already," replied the painter; "but, what the "picture gained in expression, it lost in likeness; "and by the time there was a little common "sense in the countenance, nobody knew for "whom it was intended. I was obliged, there- "fore to make an entire new picture, with the "face perfectly like, and perfectly meaningless, "as you see it."

ADMIRATION AND DEVOTION.

Pius VI. was very handsome in his face. On a public occasion, as he was carried through a particular street, a young woman at a window exclaimed, "Quanto e bello! O Quanto e bello;* and was immediately answered by a zealous old lady at the window opposite, who folding her hands in each other, and raising her eyes to heaven, cried out with a mixture of love for his person, and veneration for his sacred office, Tanto e bello, quanto e santo!" †

* How beautiful he is! O how beautiful he is!

† He is as beautiful as he is holy.

PHYSIOGNOMY DECEITFUL.

An English gentleman happened once to sit by a foreigner of his acquaintance at the opera, when a certain nobleman, who at that time was a good deal talked of, entered. He whispered him: "That is Lord ——," "Not surely the famous Lord ——," said he. "Yes," said the Englishman, "The very same." "It will be acknowledged," continued the foreigner, "that the respectable figure he makes in the senate, must be entirely owing to instruction; for his countenance completely vacant, indicates a deficiency of natural abilities."

LOUIS THE WELL BELOVED.

The death of him who at the beginning of his reign had received that appellation, was heard at Paris with satisfaction rather than sorrow. The ceremony, usual in times of public danger to make a procession of the shrine of St. Genevieve, was performed during the last illness of Louis XV. He expired notwithstanding. When his death was announced in a certain company, one observed that the procession of the shrine seemed to have lost its efficacy. "What happier effect could it have produced?" said another; "Is he not dead?"

MARAT,

Is said to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human sacrifices like Moloch, God of the Ammonites.

No Republican of Greece or Rome, ever shewed more contempt for the ornament of dress. He stands much in need of it. For as nature has not been partial to him in point of look he would be excusable in endeavouring to conceal her unkindness by any auxiliary of that sort.

Marat is a little man of a cadavorous complexion, and a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition ; to a painter of massacres, Marat's head would become inestimable. Such heads are rare in England, yet they are sometimes to be met with at the Old Bailey. The only artifice he uses in favour of his looks, is that of wearing a round hat, so far pulled down before as to hide a great part of his countenance.

This man is a great favourite of the People. It is astonishing how he retains their affections, for the only means he uses is exciting one half to cut the throats of the other; yet the more people are murdered, the remainder seem to like him the better.

The man's audacity is equal to any thing. When he is in the tribune, he holds his head as high as he can; and endeavours to assume an air of dignity—He cannot succed in that; but

amidst all the exclamations and signs of disgust, the look of approbation which he wears is wonderful—far from ever having the appearance of fear or of deference, he seems always to contemplate the assembly from the tribune, either with the eye of menace or contempt.

He speaks in a hollow croaking voice, with affected solemnity, which in such a diminutive figure would often produce laughter, were it not suppressed by horror at the character and sentiments of the man.

When he attempts pleasantry, it increases the horror which his appearance creates, it gives something of the sensation, which I imagine I should have if a murderer, after cutting a man's throat by a dexterous stroke of a knife, should smile in my face, and tip me the wink.

Marat is shunned and apparently detested by every body. When he enters the hall of the assembly, he is avoided on all sides, and when he seats himself those near him generally rise and change places. But nothing can disconcert him. I have never heard of any other of his good qualities; but he certainly possesses a great deal of courage both personal and political: no danger can terrify him; his heart as well as his forehead seems to be of brass.

FANCHON.

When my friend F. and I had drove a few miles from Paris, I perceived a genteel looking young fellow dressed in an old uniform. He sat under a tree, on the grass, at a little distance from the road, and amused himself by playing on the violin. As we came nearer, we perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his side.

What do you there, soldier? said the Marquis.—I am on my way home to my own village, my officer, said the soldier; I wait for my equipage and all my suite, and I am greatly mistaken, if I do not see them this moment coming down the hill.

We saw a kind of cart, drawn by one horse, in which was a woman, and a peasant who drove the horse.—While they drew near, the soldier told us he had been wounded in Corsica—that his leg had been cut off—that he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood—that at his return, when he appeared with his wooden leg, all the girl's relations had opposed the match—that the young woman herself however remained constant in her affections; and had agreed to leave her relations and accompany him to Paris—that on the way his wooden leg had snapped; which had obliged his mistress to leave him and go to the next vil-

lage, in quest of a cart to carry him thither. "C'est un malheur, mon officier," concluded the soldier, "qui sera bientot reparé—et voici mon amie!"—

The girl sprang before the cart, seized the out-stretched hand of her lover, and told him with a smile full of affection,—that she had seen an admirable carpenter who had promised to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by the morrow, and they might resume their journey as soon after as they pleased.

The soldier received his mistress's compliment as it deserved.

She seemed to be about twenty years of age, a beautiful fine shaped girl—a brunette whose countenance indicated sentiment and vivacity.

You must be much fatigued, my dear; said the Marquis.—On pe se fatigú pas, Monsieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime, replied the girl. The soldier kissed her hand with a gallant and tender air.—When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man you see, said the Marquis, turning to me, it is not a leg more or less that will make her change her sentiments.—Nor was it his legs, said Fanchon, which made any impression on my heart.—This girl, said the Marquis, addressing himself to me, is quite charming—her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow; they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four.—If you have no objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and see what

can be done for these lovers.—I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life.

The soldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-a-vis.—Come, come, friend said the Marquis, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to obey: get in without much ado, and your mistress shall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, said the girl, since these gentlemen insist upon doing us so much honour.

A girl like you would do honour to the finest coach in France. Away moved the chaise, and the Marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous sommes heureux nous autres Francois à bon marché, said the Marquis to me.—But, answered I, how long will this last with these poor people?—ah, pour le coup, said he, voila une reflexion bien Anglaise —that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death is to come at last.

When we arrived at the inn, we found the soldier and Fanchon.—Pray, said I to the soldier, how do you propose to maintain your wife and yourself.—I can play tolerably well on the fiddle,—I shall never want employment—and I, said Fanchon, can weave hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings, besides my uncle

has two hundred livres of mine in his hands—and I, said the soldier, have fifteen livres in my pocket; you see that we are not objects of compassion.—May we not be happy, my good friend, (turning to her lover with a look of exquisite sensibility,) if it be not our own fault?—If you are not, ma douce amie, said the soldier, with great warmth, je serai bien à plaindre.—I never felt a more charming sensation.—The tears trembled in the Marquis's eye.—Ma foi, said he to me, c'est une comedie larmoyante.—Then turning to me, Fanchon, come hither, my dear, said he, till such time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, accept of this from me, putting a purse of louis into her hand—Let me see you sometimes; but always bring your husband with you.—I shall never be afraid to trust her with you, said the soldier—But I would not wish to esteem her less, or love her more than I do at this moment, said the Marquis. Heaven bless you both, my good friends; may he never know what happiness is who attempts to interrupt your felicity!

THE HYSTERICAL FOOTMAN.

I HAD once a footman, who with the legs and shoulders of an Irish chairman, had the cheeks of a German trumpeter. Before his being engaged in service, the man had always been under

the necessity of working a great deal, and eating very moderately, of course he could have digested more victuals than he eat; but afterwards having little to do, and being allowed to eat as much as he pleased, he generally ate more than he could digest. This at last deprived him of what he had never felt the want of before, and his chief anxiety was derived from a new source: instead of labouring for victuals to his appetite, he applied to the apothecary for an appetite to his victuals. He had little or nothing to do but meditate on his nerves, and his bile and his flatulence, which he had learned were the origin of all his misery. I was a little surprised one morning to see this fellow enter the room without being called. He told me in a doleful voice, "that he was afraid he was infected with "the hysterics, for he had a palpitation "and a beating in his veins which he dreaded, "would reach his arteries if it was not stopped "in time; for he felt a dejection of spirits and "was ready to cry."—I ordered him to go and cry below stairs, and next day paid him his wages and dismissed him.

When he had spent his money he came and told me that he was in great distress, and begged that I would recommend him to some other service.—I said, "that no service would suit him so well as his Majesty's; and that if he pleased, I would recommend him to my friend Colonel W——, of the foot guards." He accordingly

enlisted as a grenadier. I met him some months after in the Park, and asked, "How his hysterics went on?" He swore that the drill serjeant had driven them entirely away before he had completely learned his exercise!—"and your palpitations, continued I,—"being now a soldier, "I hope you are free from them?—"that I "am;" said he, there is no such disease in our "brigade; as the French will find, come when "they will—your honour has made a complete "cure of me."

I have since been assured that he is as alert a soldier as any in the corps. Thus an useful subject was made of a man, who, had he been allowed to remain in service, was in danger of becoming from mere indolence, an effeminate, bloated, and miserable wretch for life.

PRUDENT AND COMPASSIONATE.

There are men in the world (and very useful and most respectable men no doubt they are), who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the general received notions of duty. Hearing it asserted every week from the pulpit, that there is exceeding good interest to be paid one time or other, for the money that is given to the poor, they risk a little every year upon that venture. Their passions and their affairs are always in excellent order, they walk

through life, undisturbed by the misfortunes of others. And when they come to the end of their journey, they are decently interred in a churchyard.

There is another sort of men who never calculate, but are generally guided by the heart. Their heads have scarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and without the consent of their heart, most certainly none in their friendships. They perform acts of benevolence without recollecting that this is a duty, merely for the pleasure they afford, and perhaps forget them as they do their own pleasures, when past. Little occasional charities are as natural to such characters as breathing.

That the first of these two classes of men is the most useful in society; that they are the most virtuous of the two, I shall not dispute; yet for the soul of me I cannot help preferring the other; for almost all my friends are of the second class.

VOLTAIRIANA.

VOLTAIRE was visited by two Russian noblemen; he talked to them a great deal of their Empress, and the flourishing state of their country. —"Formerly," said he, "your countrymen were guided by ignorant priests,—the arts were unknown and your lands lay waste; but now

the arts flourish, and the lands are cultivated."—One of the young men replied, that there was still a great proportion of barren land in Russia. —" At least," said Voltaire, " you must admit, that of late your country has been very *fertile in laurels.*"

His dislike to the clergy is well known.—The conversation happening to turn upon that body, one person present observed; " if you subtract pride from priests nothing will remain."—" Vous comptez donc, Monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien," said Voltaire.

Speaking of Marmontel's art of Poetry, which he praised much, Voltaire said, " that Marmontel, like Moses, could guide others to the holy land, though he was not allowed to enter it himself;" * alluding to the inferiority of his compositions.

A certain person who stammered very much, found means to get himself introduced to Voltaire.—He had no other recommendation than the praises he liberally bestowed on himself. --When he left the room, Voltaire said, he sup-

* The same allusion was long since made by Cowley—

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the best promised land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shewed us it.

posed him to be an *aventuriéur, un imposteur.*—Madame Denis said, " Impostors never stammer :—to which Voltaire replied—" Moise ne begayoit il pas?"

Voltaire was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman, from Geneva. A toad crawled across the road before them.—The gentleman, to please Voltaire, who hated Freron, the journalist; said, pointing at the toad,—" There is a Freron."—" What can that poor animal have done to you," replied the wit, " to deserve such a name?"

He compared the British nation to a hogshead of their own strong beer; the top of which is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.

Metaphysical writers, says Voltaire, are like minuet dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitude, display all their graces, are in continual motion without advancing a step, and finish at the identical point from which they set out. *

One evening at Ferney, the conversation happening to turn on the genius of Shakspeare, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and absurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar

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* Perhaps he borrowed this thought from the following lines in Pope's Dunciad:

> Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
> Shew all his paces, not a step advance.

dialogue into Tragedy. A gentleman of the company, who is a great admirer of Shakspeare, observed by way of palliation, that though those characters were low, yet they were natural, *(dans la nature)* was his expression.—" Avec permission, Monsieur," replied Voltaire, " mon cul est bien dans la nature, & cependant je porte des culottes."

DISCONTENT.

I was telling an inhabitant of Chamouny, I thought his country people very happy in being quite free from such an odious disease (the goitres) which afflicted their poor neighbours the Valaisans.—" En revanche," said the peasant, " nous sommes accablés des impôts; & dans le pays de Valais on ne paye rien."

The d—l is in the fellow exclaimed I—Were it in your choice, would you accept of goitres, to get free of taxes?

" Tres, Volontiers, Monsieur,—l'un vault bien l'áutre."

" Quid causæ est, merito, quin illis Jupiter ambas, Iratas, buccas inflet." *

* ---------- and shall not Jove
With cheeks inflam'd, and angry brow, forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer!

It is not in courts and capitals alone that men are discontented with their fortunes.

GOLDEN BULL.

A SIGHT of the famous Golden Bull, kept in the town-house of Frankfort, on the Maine, costs a golden ducat; a sufficient price for a glance of an old manuscript, which not one person in a hundred can read; and still fewer can understand.

A countryman of our's, who expected more amusement for his money, complained loudly of this as an imposition; and on hearing a German talk of the high price which every thing bore in England, he retorted on him in these words: "Il n'y a rien en Angleterre si chere que votre taureau d'or à Frankfort."

NECESSITIES.

AT Chamouny (looking at the priest's house, beyond comparison the best in the whole valley), I asked a man, who stood near me, if the priest was rich?

"Oui, Monsieur, horriblement"—replied he, —"et aussi il mange presque tout notre blé."

I then asked, if the people of Chamouny wished to get rid of him?

"Oui, bien de celui-ci—mais il faut avoir un autre."

I do not see the necessity of that said I.—Consider if you had no priest you would have more to eat.

The lad stared—then answered with great *naiveté*,—"ah! Monsieur, dans ce pays-ci les pretres sont aussi necessaires que le manger."

LOYALTY.

A FRENCH soldier who lay covered with wounds on the field of Dettingen, demanded a little before he expired, of an English officer how the battle was likely to terminate; and being answered, that the English had obtained a great victory; mon pauvre Roi, said the dying man, que fera-t-il.

CONNOISSEUR.

A FRENCH officer of dragoons, being at Rome, went to view the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The artist has conveyed into this master-piece, in the opinion of some all the dignity which a human form and human features are capable of receiving; he has endeavoured to give this statue a countenance

worthy of the great legislator of the Jews, the favourite of heaven, who had conversed face to face with the deity. The officer happened to be acquainted with the history of Moses, but he laid no great stress on any of these circumstances. He admired him much more on account of one adventure in which he imagined Moses had acquitted himself like a man of spirit, and as he himself would have done.—Voilà qui est terrible! Voila qui est sublime! cries he at sight of the statue.—And after a little pause he added, on voit là un drole qui donné des coups de bâton, & qui a tué son homme.

CONDITION OF A SOLDIER.

A Dialogue.

" Poor fellows!" said I one day, to an officer with whom I conversed, " how unhappy is their " condition."

" No"—said the officer, " you are mistaken;" " it is not unhappy."

" No;" exclaimed I.

" Not at all;" answered he, " by no manner " of means."

" Why, how many blows of a cane may an " officer order the corporal to give a soldier for " a fault in the exercise?"

" Six," said he, he must not exceed six for " one blunder."

" But a man may make several blunders in " one field-day," said I.

" If he were to make twenty," replied the officer, " he would receive but six blows for each."

" How often are the soldiers upon duty," added I.

" They are very seldom off duty," answered the officer, " they mount guard only twice or thrice a week in the time of peace."

" How do they employ the rest of their " time?"

" O, they are never at a loss for the employ- " ment of their time; they have their firelock " to furbish, their accoutrements to clean; and " they must appear at the roll-calling night " and morning. These different employments " fill up most of their time, and prevent them " from spending their pay in gluttony and " debauchery.

" They must repine sadly at so much con- " straint."

" Quite the contrary," replied he, they must " never repine: they would be punished if they " attempted to repine—besides, they know that " their condition is never to be altered, which " saves them from repining."

" Why this is as great a slavery as that of the " negroes in our colonies, in my opinion," ex- " claimed I.

" So it is in mine," said the officer.

" I thought you had denied that the soldiers " were in slavery," resumed I.

" Never," answered he; " I never could " deny what is manifest. I denied that they " were unhappy, indeed, which is a very different thing."

Notwithstanding the distinction of the German officer between slavery and unhappiness, an Englishman will always consider them as synonimous.

ENGLISH NATURALLY MELANCHOLIC.

DURING a late war between France and Great Britain, an English vessel of superior force took a French frigate after an obstinate engagement. The frigate was brought into a commercial town upon the English coast, and the officers were treated with great hospitality by some of the principal inhabitants: one very rich merchant in particular invited them frequently to his house, where he entertained them in a very magnificent manner.—The first day on which they dined with him, his lady behaved with such peculiar attention to the prisoners, that she seemed to neglect the other guests at her table. After the company had withdrawn, she said to her husband, that it gave her pleasure to perceive that the French Gentlemen who had just left them, instead of giving way to vain repining, or allow-

ing their spirits to be depressed by their misfortunes, had shewn the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety during the whole repast; all except one, who seemed much dejected, and almost entirely overcome with the idea of being a prisoner. This she accounted for by supposing that his loss was greater, and she apprehended from the obstinate silence he had retained, and from the discontent and melancholy so strongly marked in his countenance, that the poor gentleman would not long survive his misfortune.

"I cannot imagine who you mean," said the husband.

The lady described the man so exactly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

"That unfortunate gentleman," said the husband, "is none of the prisoners; he is the Captain of the English vessel who took them."

GENIUS.

CRUEL! to employ the heavenly light of genius, not to chear humanity with a ray pure and benignant as the star of the morning, but in spreading a blaze dangerous as the fires of the devious comet! It seems natural to imagine that the noble impulse of glory can never fail to be directed towards some congenial object, some elevated aim!—And what a transcendant privilege of genius to be hailed by distant ages, as

one of the benefactors of mankind!—To have lived for those who are to live when we exist no longer!—To awaken in the breasts of remote posterity the sublime energies of truth and virtue—to call forth the charms of the sympathetic feelings—to excite the ardour of heroism—the glow of public affection.—But with the power of planting the genius of happiness in the human breast, to have mixed perhaps the agonies of remorse!—to have contributed to moral degradation—to be remembered by succeeding ages, but not esteemed,—cited but not honoured!—Who can wish to wear for ever a sullied wreath, and obtain a niche in the temple of fame, at which only the impure offer incense?

TASTE FOR LETTERS

I THINK essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have occasions for some of the pursuits of science as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. A taste for letters, I am almost convinced, is the only thing which can render a man of fortune tolerably independent and easy

through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continue to be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view—his mind will be replenished with ideas—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against *ennui*.

ROYAL LIBERALITY.

I CANNOT help regarding œconomy as one of the most useful qualities in a Prince. Liberality, even when pushed to an imprudent length, may in a private person, proceed from a kind of greatness of mind, because his fortune is in every sense his own, and he can injure nobody but himself by lavishing it away.—He knows that when it is gone, nobody will reimburse him for his extravagance. He seems to have taken the resolution to submit to the inconvenience of future poverty, rather than renounce the present happiness of acting with a magnificent liberality, and bestowing on others more than he can afford.

This is not the case with a Prince.—What he squanders is not his own but the public money. He knows that his pomp and splendour will be kept up, and that his subjects, not he, are to feel the inconveniences of his prodigality. The vir-

tue of generosity consists in a man depriving himself of something for the sake of another.—But what is called generosity in Kings very often consists in bestowing that money on the idle part of their subjects, which they have squeezed from the industrious.

THE SOLDIER'S PAY.

"YOUR friend is a soldier, I think you say," asked Mrs. Barnet.

"Of the 20th, please your Ladyship," answered he, "there is not a finer regiment in the service, it was once General Wolfe's."

"Here is a crown for him," said Mrs. B——. "It will help him on to his regiment."

"That it will, indeed," rejoined the pensioner, "especially as, poor fellow, he seems to stand much in need of a pair of new shoes, those he has being worn quite through, and he can ill afford to get another pair, for he tells me he is already under stoppage."

"What are stoppages?" said Mrs. B——.

"That part of a soldier's pay," answered he, "which is stopped to purchase necessaries."

"If any of a soldier's pay is stopped," said Mrs. B——, "on what does he live?"

"On the remainder," answered the pensioner.

" Why the whole is but six-pence a-day," resumed Mrs. B——, " and to me it seems a miracle how they contrive to live on it ?"

" British soldiers are famous for performing miracles," replied the veteran, " and they actually perform a greater than you imagine, for they do contrive to live for less than six-pence a-day."

" Less!" cried Mrs. Barnet.

" Ay! less, Madam, God love your soul!" added the soldier: " a private has not six-pence a-day to subsist on; are there not stoppages for shoes and stockings, and shirts. For those government allows cannot serve all the year round; and in some regiments there are stoppages for superfluous articles of dress :—Some commanding officers pay for these out of their own pockets, but others do not, and it is very hard on the men to be obliged to pay for some kickshaws that are of no use, but to make them look smarter on the parade, and also to have the flour puffed on their heads that would help to make a pudding for their bellies; in my notion, this is not only cursedly hard-hearted, but also damned foolish, asking your Ladyship's pardon; for what signifies making fops of British soldiers; we shall never beat the French at foppery."

" I fancy not," said Mrs. B——.

" You may swear it, Madam," added the soldier, " your Frenchmen are all masters of the

art; whereas the finest courtiers in England, as I have been told, are mere journeymen; and when they try to imitate the French, they are like a parcel of awkward recruits, compared to a company of old soldiers."

"I have heard so also;" said Mrs. B——.

"Then why should we pretend to contend with them at their own weapons?" added the soldier; "English soldiers should stick to the old gun and bayonet; and considering how well they can use them in defence of their country, I do really think the country might allow them a little more pay;—but at present, I do assure your Ladyship, they seldom have more than four-pence halfpenny, and never above five-pence a-day, to subsist on."

"It is too little indeed, friend," said Mrs. B——.

"But for all that," resumed the soldier, "if your ladyship had only seen how cheerfully they ascended the precipices, and with what spirit they fought on the heights of Abraham, you would have thought that every man had dined at a shilling ordinary."

"If it depended on me, they should never have dined at a worse," said Mrs. B.——

"Only get an addition of three-pence or even two-pence a-day, to their pay, and that will satisfy them, Madam," added the soldier.

"I heartily wish, my honest fellow, that it were practicable to augment the pay of both officers and soldiers to-morrow."

" Practicable! I have been told, please your ladyship," rejoined the soldier, " though I can hardly believe it, that certain men, who were never either in the army or navy, but only serve the minister at home, are able to lay by, within a trifle, as much money at the end of the year, as even a full Colonel, or a Captain of a man of war, who serves his king and country abroad.

FRENCHMAN A BAD CICISBEO.

A CERTAIN obliging ecclesiastic, had taken the trouble, at the earnest request of a Roman lady, to arrange matters between her and a French Marquis, who was put into immediate possession of all the rights that were ever supposed to belong to a *cicisbeo*. The woman nauseated her husband, which had advanced matters mightily; and her passion for the Marquis was in proportion to her abhorrence of the other. In this state things had remained but a very short time when the Marquis called one afternoon to drive the Abbé out a little in the country. He declined the invitation, saying by way of apology: " Je suis dans les horreurs " de la digestion." He then enquired how the Marquis's amour went on with the lady.— " Ah, pour l'amour cela est à peu pres passé: replied the Marquis, " et nous sommes actuel- " lement dans les horreurs de l'amitié."

THE LAOCOON.

In one of my visits to the Vatican at Rome, I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before: One of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy good man: the first, after staring some time with marks of terror at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh,—"Egad, I was afraid these d—d "serpents would have left the fellows they are "devouring, and made a snap at me; but I am "happy to recollect, they are of marble."—"I "thank you, Sir, most heartily," said the other, "for putting me in mind of that circumstance; "till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those "two youths."

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

A French Marquis paying a visit to an English Gentleman, found an English newspaper on his table; it contained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both Houses of Parliament; he read it with great attention; and then throwing down the paper, he said to his friend, "Mais mon ami, "pendant que vos messieurs s'ámusent á jaser "comme cela dans votre chambre des pairs

" & votre parlement; parbleu un etranger " amoit beau jeu avec leurs femmes."

THE COURTIER.

A CERTAIN person, (was he a Frenchman or an Englishman, we cannot inform our readers,) but he certainly was a courtier, and professed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, and considered them as no better than any piece of clay when dead. He had a full length picture of his own sovereign, in the principal room of his house; on his majesty's death, to save himself the expence of a fresh body, and new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and periwig, and clap the new king's head, on his grandfather's shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

THE HISTORIAN.

I REMEMBER a young gentleman, whom a strong and retentive memory of battles and sieges, often set a prating very mal-apropos. One of his companions expressed much surprise at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid

up such a store. "Why, truly," replied he, "with great frankness, it is all owing to my "bungling blockhead of a valet, who takes up "such an unconscionable time in dressing my "hair, that I am glad to read, to keep me from "fretting; and there are no news-papers or ma-"gazines to be had in this country. I have been "driven to history, which answers nearly as "well."

THE NEAPOLITAN MOUNTEBANK.

A POOR fellow with a mask on his face, and a guitar in his hand, assembled his Italian audience by the songs he sung to the music of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery; at length, when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good-humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his guitar, opened a little box which stood before him, and addressed the audience in the following words: —"Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a time for "all things; we have had enough of jesting; "innocent mirth is excellent for the health of "the body, but other things are requisite for "the health of the soul. I will, now, with your "permission, my honourable masters and mis-"tresses, entertain you with something serious; "something for which all of you will have rea-

" son to bless me as long as you live. Here he shook out of a bag a great number of leaden crucifixes.—" I am just come from the holy " house of Loretto, my fellow-christians," continued he, " on purpose to furnish you with " those jewels, more precious than all the gold " of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. I " have come, on your account, all the way " from the habitation of the Blessed Virgin, to " this thrice-renowned city of Naples, the riches " and liberality of whose inhabitants are cele- " brated all over the globe. My generous Nea- " politans, I do not wish to take the advantage " of your pious and liberal dispositions. I will " not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all " of which, let me inform you, have touched " the image of the Blessed Virgin ;) I will not, " I say, ask an ounce of gold, no, not even a " crown of silver; my regard for you is such " that I shall let you have them for a penny " a-piece."

LOVE IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

In a country, where eloquence, popular talents, and political intrigue, lead to honour, and open a broad road to wealth and power; men, after the first glow of youth is passed, are more obedient to the loud voice of ambition, than to the whispers of love. But in despotic states,

and in monarchies, which verge towards despotism, where the will of the prince is law; where it is dangerous to write or speak on politics; love becomes a first instead of being a secondary object. That species of address to women, which is now called gallantry, prevails in some degree in every country of Europe: but appears different, according to the different characters, customs, and manners of the various countries. In the courts of Germany, it is a formal piece of business; etiquette governs the arrows of Cupid, as well as the torches of hymen. Mistresses are chosen from the number of quarters on their family coats of arms. The young German nobility, always employed in the military profession, cannot pay a great deal of attention to the ladies.—Every Frenchman must be a soldier; but fighting is the only part of the business they go through with spirit: they cannot submit to the German precision in discipline; this is the general style of the French noblesse; they all serve an apprenticeship to war, but gallantry is the profession they follow for life. In England, the spirit of play and of party, draws the minds of the young men of fortune from love or gallantry; they seldom think of any kind of women, but such as may be had without trouble.

THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN AND CLEMENT THE XIVTH.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian, having heated his brain, by reading the books of Martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman Catholics against the Protestants, was seized with a dread that the same horrors were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but racks and scaffolds. So strong a hold had his favourite studies taken of his imagination, that he would relish no part of the bible, except the Revelation of St. John; a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the Pope of Rome. This part of the scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. In the mean time, this poor man's terrors, with regard to the revival of Popery and persecution, daily augmented; nature would, in all probability, have sunk under the weight of accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant. The happy idea was no other, than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the Pope from the Roman Catholic to the Presbyterian religion.—Accordingly without communicating his design to any mortal, he set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and in a short time after

arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastic of his own country, and informed him, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the Pope, on business of infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay. The good-natured ecclesiastic endeavoured to sooth and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day.—He happened, however, to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight, our impatient missionary felt all his passion inflamed, and he exclaimed; "O, thou "beast of nature, with seven heads and ten "horns! thou mother of harlots, arrayed in "purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and "precious stones and pearls! Throw away the "golden cup of abominations, and the filthiness "of thy fornication."

One may easily imagine the astonishment and hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

At his examination, the first question which was asked of him, was, "What had brought "him to Rome?" He answered, "to anoint "the eyes of the scarlet whore with eye-"salve, that she might see her wickedness."—"They asked who he meant by the scarlet

" whore?" He answered, " who else could he " mean, but her who sitteth upon seven moun- " tains, who hath seduced the kings of the " earth to commit fornication, and who had " gotten drunk with the blood of the saints, and " the blood of the martyrs." Many other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some were for condemning him to the gallies, that he might be taught more sense and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement the Fourteenth; he said, with great good-humour, " That " he had never heard of any body whose un- " derstanding or politeness had been much im- " proved at that school; that although the poor " man's first address had been a little rough and " abrupt, yet he could not help considering " himself as obliged to him for his good inten- " tions, and for his undertaking such a long " journey with a view to do good." He afterwards gave orders to treat the man with gentleness while he remained in confinement, and to put him on board the first ship bound from Civita Vecchia for England, defraying the expence of his passage.

IMPROVISATORI.

THEY entertain companies with extemporaneous verses on any given subject. It is said that the Italian language is peculiarly calculated for poetry, and that verses may be made with more facility in this than in any other language; but to compose verses with all the qualities essential to good poetry, leisure and reflection are requisite. Those extempore compositions of the improvisatori, are in gèneral but mean productions, consisting of a few fulsome compliments to the company, and some common-place observations, put into rhime on the subject proposed. There is, however, a lady of an amiable character, Signora Covilla, whose extempore productions, which she repeats in the most graceful manner, are admired by all people of real taste.

ON TRAVELLERS.

Rome.

WE meet here with some travellers, who, without being connoisseurs, are of opinion that old ruined houses derive little value from having been anciently famous, and who prefer a good modern inn to all the antiquities sacred or profane, that they may meet with in their grand tour. Without presuming to blame any set of men, for their

particular taste: I may venture to say, that a traveller, who loves always to see a well-peopled and well-cultivated country, who insists on good eating every day, and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wisely in never travelling out of England.—He ought not certainly to travel between Rome and Naples; for on this road, the traveller's chief entertainment must arise from the ideas formed in the mind, at sight of places celebrated by favourite authors. Strangers, therefore, whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill-advised as to come so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill-humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor Italian flea that they put up with on the road. But, he who can meet with indifferent fare cheerfully, whose serenity of temper remains unshaken by the assaults of a flea, and who can draw amusement from the stories of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object interesting.

THE FRENCH HAIR-DRESSER.

WHEN I was last at G——, I had a French hair-dresser—let me entreat you not to show this to your friend—who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company: he would accuse me of being too fond of low company.

I introduce the present hair-dresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge.—This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at G——; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed.—"Do you not think," said I, "that people may "live very happy in that country?" Mais—"pour cela oui, Monsieur." (But, yes truly, Sir.) "Do you think, then, they are hap-"py." "Pour cela, non, Monsieur," (no, indeed, Sir). "Can you guess at the reason why they are not so, they have so much reason to be so?" "Oui, Monsieur, elle est toute simple." (Yes, Sir, it is quite plain). "Pray "what is the reason they are not happy," "C'est qu'ils ne sont pas déstinés à l'étre."—(Because they are not destined to be so.)

" Did you ever see," said I, " an Englishman " who might pass for a Frenchman?"—" Jamais " de ma vie, Monsieur," (never in my life,) replied he, with an accent of astonishment.

" Suppose him," said I, " a man of quality?" " N'importe." (It matters not.)

" But," continued I, " suppose he had lived " several years at Paris, that he was naturally " very handsome, and well-made, that he had " been educated by the best French dancing- " master, his clothes made by the best French " taylors, and his hair dressed by the most emi- " nent friseur in Paris."—" C'est beaucoup, " Monsieur, mais ce n'est pas assez." (It is much, Sir, but it is not enough.)

" What," exclaimed I, " Would you still " know him to be an Englishman?" " assuré- " ment, Monsieur" (Most assuredly, Sir.)

" What, before he spoke?"—" Au premier " coup d'oeil." (at the first glance, Sir.)

" The devil you would; but how?" " C'est " que messieurs les Anglois ont un air—une " maniere de se presenter—un—que sai—je " moi—Vous m'entendez bien, Monsieur, un " certain air si gau."—(Because English gentlemen have an air of countenance—a manner of presenting themselves—a—what do I know —you understand me---a countenance so awk------).

" What air, Fellow?" " enfin un air, qui est " charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur, said he

rapidly, "mais que le diable m'emporte, si c'est "l'air Francois." (In short, an air which is charming, if you will, Sir, but the devil take me, if it is a French air.)

NAPLES

Was founded by the Greeks. The charming situation they have chosen, is one proof among thousands, of the fine taste of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named crater, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage, with vines, with olive, mulberry and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.

Independent of its happy situation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The style of architecture, is inferior to what prevails at Rome; but, though Naples cannot vie with that city in the number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houses in general, are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the streets are broader, and better paved. This is the native country of the Zephyrs; here

the excessive heat of the sun is often tempered with sea-breezes, and with gales wafting the perfumes of the campagna felice.

The fortress of St. Elmo, is built on a mountain of the same name. The garrison stationed here, has the entire command of the town, and could lay it in ashes at pleasure.

Though Naples is admirably situated for commerce, and no kingdom produce the necessaries and luxuries of life in greater profusion, yet trade is but in a languishing condition; the best silks come from Lyons, and the best woollen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured in Naples are, silk-stockings, soap, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell, and of the lava of Mount Vesuvius, tables and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are taught to embroider at Naples, better than even at France; and the Neapolitan macaroni, is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel also in liquors and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is sold at a very high price, called *diabolinis*. This drug, as one may guess, from its name, is of a very hot and stimulating nature.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. The citizens of Naples, have few avocations of business to excite their activity; no public walks or gardens to which they can resort; and are therefore frequently seen

sauntering and conversing in the streets, where a great portion of the poorest sort, for want of habitations, are obliged to spend the night as well as the day. In the midst of all this idleness, few riots or outrages happen, because the Neapolitan is universally sober, and never inflamed with strong and spirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water and lemonade are among the luxuries of the lowest vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and sold in halfpennys worth.

There is not perhaps a city in the world, with the same number of inhabitants, in which so few contribute to the wealth of the community, by useful or by productive labour, as at Naples; but, the number of priests, monks, fiddlers, and lazzaronis, surpass all reasonable proportion; the last alone, are computed at thirty or forty thousand. If these poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they are continually running about the streets, as we are told of the artificers of China; offering their service, and begging for employment; and are considered, by many, as of more real utility, than any of the classes above-mentioned.

The Neapolitan nobility are excessively fond of splendour and show. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richness of their dress, and the grandeur of their titles.

The Corso on the sea-shore, is the great scene of Neapolitan splendour and parade. The finest carriages are painted, gilt, varnished, and lined in a richer and more beautiful manner than in England. They are often drawn by six, and sometimes by eight horses. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala-days, are made on purpose, with very large windows, that the spectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. The carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in opposite directions. The company within smile, and bow, and wave the hand as they pass and repass their acquaintance. Can this amusement be very great?

The Neapolitan clergy live very much in society, attend the theatres, and seem to join most cordially in diversions and amusements. The richest and most commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female votaries, are in the city of Naples; the most fertile and beautiful hills of the environs, are covered with them; a small part of their revenue is spent in feeding the poor, the monks distributing bread and soups to a certain number every day, before the doors of the convent. Some of the friars study physic and surgery, and practise these arts with great applause. Each convent has an apothecary's shop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and sold to those who

can afford to pay. The Neapolitan monks are the most superstitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and success to a people remarkably ignorant and remarkably amorous. The seeds of superstition, thus zealously sown, on such a warm and fertile, though uncultivated soil, sometimes produce the most extraordinary crops of sensuality and devotion, that ever were seen in any country.

COCAGNA.

Is a Neapolitan entertainment, relished by people of the first rank, in the polished country of Italy. It is given to the people four succeeding Sundays during the carnival. Opposite to the place, a kind of wooden amphitheatre is erected. This being covered with branches of trees, bushes, and various plants, real and artificial, has the appearance of a green hill. On this hill are little buildings, ornamented with pillars of loaves and bread, with joints of meat, and dried fish, varnished and curiously arranged by way of capitals. Among the trees and bushes, are some oxen, a considerable number of calves, sheep, hogs, and bulls, all alive, and tied to posts. There are, besides, a great number of living turkies, geese, hens, pigeons, and other fowls, nailed by the wing to the scaffolding. The guards are drawn up in three ranks,

to keep off the populace. The Royal Family, with all the nobility of the court, crowd the windows and balconies of the palace, to enjoy this magnificent sight. When his Majesty waves his handkerchief, the guards open to the right and to the left; the rabble pour in from all quarters, and the entertainment commences. One may easily conceive, what a delightful sight it must be, to see several thousand hungry, half-naked lazzaroni, rush in like a torrent, destroy the whole fabric of loaves, fishes, and joints of meat; pluck the fowls, at the expence of their wings, from the post to which they were nailed; and, in the fury of their struggling and fighting for their prey, often tearing the miserable animals to pieces, and sometimes stabbing each other.

THE LAZZARONI,

Or Black-guards, form a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives or children, live in the suburbs of Naples, near Pausilippo, in huts or in caverns,

or in chambers dug out of that mountain.—Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others by carrying burthens to and from shipping; many walk about the streets, ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompence. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soups and bread, distributed at the door of the convents, supply the deficiency.

The lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; but it is not their general character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout, active citizens remain unemployed. So far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a Volanti, tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the livered slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace, and the other in rags. Nothing animates this people to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal cause, such as a scarcity of bread. Every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter.

MY LORD,

Is a title treated with very little ceremony either in France or Germany; for it is too often assumed in foreign countries by those who have no right to it, and given to every Englishman of decent appearance.

REBELLION.

MANKIND in general, have a partiality for princes.* The senses are imposed on by the splendour which surrounds them; and the respect due to the office of a king, is naturally converted into an affection for his person: there must therefore be something highly unpopular in the character of the monarch, and highly oppressive in the measures of government, before people can be excited to rebellion. Subjects seldom rise through a desire of attacking, but rather from an impatience of suffering. Where men are under the yoke of feudal lords, who can force them to fight in any cause, it may be otherwise; but when general discontent pervades a free people, and when in consequence of this, they take arms against their prince, they must have justice on their side. The highest

* If that observation was true in 1783, is it equally so in 1802.

compliment which subjects can pay, and the best service they can render to a good prince, is, to behave in such a manner, as to convince him that they would rebel against a bad one.

THE PROFESSION OF PHYSIC,

Is that, of all others, in which the generality of mankind have the fewest lights, by which they can discern the abilities of its professors; because the studies which lead to it are more out of the road of usual education, and the practice more enveloped in technical terms, and hieroglyphical signs. But the safest criterion by which men, who have not been bred to that profession, can form a judgment of those who have, is, the degree of sagacity and penetration they discover on subjects equally open to mankind in general, and which ought to be understood by all who live in society.

REASONABLE AVERSION.

"FRIEND Carnaby! your mother is impatient for your appearance at the bar as a counsellor—"

"To tell you a secret," said Carnaby, "I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner."

" What reason can you have for so strong an averson ?"

" What reason ! what reason !" repeated Carnaby, " a very good, a very solid reason."

" Clearly, as it has so much weight with you, but after all on what is it founded ?"

" On what is it founded?" exclaimed Carnaby; " why, on those cursed eternal periwigs, which counsellors are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth, could prevail on me to make myself look so like a gig; and, if I were willing, I don't believe my head could support one of those hideous periwigs for an hour together."

" You think then, that to be a lawyer, it is necessary to have a very strong head."

" Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d——d periwigs is insurmountable."

" That is unlucky," said Edward, " considering what lady M—— has in view for you. For if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counsellor, how could you support that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear ?"

" They shall doom my head to the block sooner," replied Carnaby.

" Only imagine, to be awfully seated on a woolpack during a whole session of Parliament!

" Dreadful !" cried Carnaby.

" Sessions, after sessions !"

" Shocking! shocking!" exclaimed Carnaby. " not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-hall," said Edward.

" Name it not," cried Carnaby."

" There obliged to remain," continued Edward " from winter to mid-summer, in sight of *all manners of persons*, hearing examinations and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair."

" Fogh! fogh!" cried Carnaby.

" He is always choaked with the bare idea."

" Eh Gad! and so I am," resumed Carnaby; and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave."

" But I think," resumed Edward, " you ought to make an *effort* to please your mother, by appearing for once at least, in the wig of a counsellor."

" Curse efforts," cried Carnaby; " I always detested them, and never could make one in my life."

" Forgive me," said Edward; " I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which I was witness to your making of your own accord."

" I do not know what you mean," said Carnaby.

" Do you not remember," resumed Edward, " my calling one morning at your chambers, when I found you struggling with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buck-skin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasion.—In that occasion, you shewed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions. The most pains-taking man on earth, could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family, than you did to carry your point on that occasion."

" Yes," replied Carnaby, " but that was a different affair."

" It must be confessed, that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another: for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives."

" What I meant to say," replied Carnaby, " that studying the law, is a bore, and disturbs one's head; whereas,"—

" Tight breeches," said Edward, " pinch elsewhere."

" I remember, however," said Carnaby, " that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

" Like Macbeth, you recollected," said Edward, " that

> ———should you wade no more,
> Returning was as tedious as go o'er."

TIARA.

Rome.

In my last, I informed you of my having been seduced almost into idolatry, by the influence of example, and the pomp which surrounded the idol. I must now confess, that I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonness. I trust, nevertheless, that it will not be looked upon a mortal sin in a Protestant, to have kissed the Pope's toe.

The life of the generality of sovereign princes, is far from being amusing or agreeable. Slave to the tiresome routine of etiquette; martyr to the oppressive fatigue of pomp; obliged to wear a smiling countenance, even when the heart is oppressed with sadness; besieged by craving faces; surrounded by adepts in the arts of simulation, all professing the highest possible regard; how shall the puzzled monarchs distinguish zeal from assumed attachment? Thus he is precluded from those delightful sensations which spring from disinterested friendship, sweet equality, and the gay careless enjoyments of social life. Then we must acknowledge that all that is brilliant in the condition of a sovereign, is not sufficient to compensate for such restraints, such dangers, and such deprivations.

If such is the real picture of the regal condition, who would not imagine that of all others,

it would be the most shunned? who would not imagine that every human being would shrink from it, as from certain misery; and that at least, every wise man would say with the Poet,

> I envy none their pageantry and show,
> I envy none the gildings of their woe!

But there are passions, whose indulgence is so exceedingly flattering to the natural vanity of men, that they will gratify them, though persuaded that the gratification will be attended by disappointment and misery. The love of power and sovereignty is of this class. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of this remark, than the eagerness with which the ecclesiastical crown is sought after, perhaps with more than any other crown in the world, although the candidates are generally in the decline of life, and all of a profession which avows the most perfect contempt of wordly grandeur. Yet, of all diadems, the Tiara has the fewest charms. Over and above those sources of weariness and vexation, which the Pope has in common with other sovereigns, he has some which are peculiar to himself. The tiresome religious functions which he must perform, the ungenial solitude of his meals, the exclusion of the company of women, the restriction from the tenderest and most delightful connexions of life, the pain of seeing his influence, both spiritual and temporal, declining every day; and the mortification of knowing that all his ancient lofty pretensions are laughed

at. I know of nothing which can be put in the other scale, to balance all those peculiar disadvantages which his holiness labours under, unless it is the singular felicity which he lawfully may, and no doubt does enjoy, in the contemplation of his own infallibility.

DEVOTION AND GALLANTRY

An English gentleman, who paid his court very assiduously to a Roman lady, of high rank, distinguished for a punctilious observance of all the ceremonies appointed by the Catholic church; entered one day her apartment, as her confessor went out. She shut the door after him, with a violence that shook the whole house, muttering as she returned to her seat, "Che ti "possino cascar le fraccia wecchio Dondo "lone."* The English gentleman expressed his concern on seeing her so much agitated. "No "wonder," said she; "that stubborn animal- "accio, who is just gone out, has had the inso- "lence to refuse me the absolution. As I ex- "pected you this morning, I sent for him be- "times, that the matter might be expedited "before you should come; but nothing I could "say was able to mollify the obstinate old greasy rascal." The English lover, joined in abusing

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* The devil go along with you for an old goose.

the confessor's perverseness, hinting also that she ought to despise it as a matter of little importance; and upon the strength of this reasoning, he was proceeding to fulfil the purport of his visit.—"Pian Piano, Idol mio," cried the lady, "bisogna rimmetersi alla volonta di dio." * She then told her lover, that although she despised the confessor as much as he could do, yet she must take care of her own soul; that not having settled her accounts with heaven for a considerable time, she was determined not to begin a new score till the old should be cleared; adding, for her principal reason, "Patto chiaro amico caro." †

UNHAPPY UNION.

THE fate of Fanny F—, made a strong impression upon my mind. I have known few women of more amiable dispositions, more accomplished, or more capable of rendering a man of sense and sentiment happy, and of being rendered happy by him.

Her great weakness, lay in her having too little reliance in her own judgment, and being too pliant to the importunity of others. She was

* Softly, softly, my love, we must submit to the will of heaven.

† short accounts, make long friends.

persuaded by her relations to marry Mr. B——, a young man, who, by the death of an elder brother, had acquired an immense fortune. Her relations assured her "that he was the best young man in the world;" and when she confessed to them, that in spite of his good qualities, it was impossible for her to meet with a man for whom she could feel more indifference: she was told, that it was an objection of no importance, because she might come to like him more, but would never like him less, which was an advantage many married women did not enjoy.

Mr. B—— was a great observer of decorum and uniformity, and particularly fond of whatever was new. As he had taken a wife, which was quite a new thing to him, he resolved to have other parts of his establishment as new as her, to please himself.

He therefore took a new house, ordered new furniture, new carriages, new liveries, caused his old pictures, particularly a holy family, by Raphael, to be new varnished, and he exchanged an antique statue which his father had brought from Rome, for one a great deal newer.

He rejected the proposal of having some old family jewels to be new set for his wife, and ordered others for her, all spick and span new—in short, every thing he presented her with was new, except his ideas: of these he had but a

scanty proportion; and what few he had, were worn threadbare by use.

The frequent repetition of observations not worth making, was rather tiresome to the most patient of his acquaintance, but to his wife became oppressive.

As young Mr. B—— lived as well, according to the phrase, as most men, he had abundance of visitors. His house was peculiarly convenient to some of his wife's relations who were fond of entertainments, and to whom it was more agreeable to enjoy them in their friends houses, than in their own. Poor Fanny, was thought by some, to have been made a sacrifice to this taste of her nearest relations; for whatever happiness they might have in her house, she had none. She was miserable, however, in a different style to other unfortunate people; not from want, but from super-abundance;—She had a profusion of every thing, and seemed to have a relish for nothing. There were few things of which she had a greater share, and for which she had a smaller relish, than her husband's company.

When first I knew Fanny F——, she lived with her mother in a frugal manner, and she was one of the most cheerful girls I was ever acquainted with.

When I visited her after her marriage, I found her in a house like a palace, surrounded with gaudy superfluity, but she herself with a face of

languor and dejection. At sight of me, her features were enlivened; I recognised the countenance of my old companion; but, her husband coming in, it resumed its former dejection. Nothing to be sure, could be more teazingly ceremonious than the behaviour, or more oppressively insipid than the conversation of this worthy man. His wife blushed, as often as he spoke. She made one attempt to get rid of him, by putting him in mind of an engagement. "There would be more impropriety," said he, "in leaving you and this lady, my dear, than in breaking the engagement."—I intreated he might use no ceremony. He said, "he understood politeness better."

When I saw the case desperate, I rose to withdraw. He led me through several rooms to exhibit his new-coloured pictures, and the splendour of the furniture.—"You see, Madam," said he, addressing me, "that your friend is in possession of every thing that can render a woman happy."—The tears started into my poor friend's eyes, and I hurried away that she might not see I had perceived it.

If I had not been so determined before, this example would have made me resolve never to be the wife of a man I did not both love and esteem in a supreme degree, whatever his wealth and his good nature might be.

Unquestionably, instances may be produced of women who have been rendered unhappy by

husbands whom they both loved and esteemed at the time of their marriage—but even those women, though on the whole, unfortunate, had enjoyment for a certain period at least, whereas poor Mrs. B—— has never had a day free from *tedium* since that of her marriage. Her hours, which formerly danced away as lightly as those of Guido's Aurora, now move at a snail's pace along a heavy cheerless road. Good sense, generosity, and spirit, with humanity, are indispensable requisites in an husband.

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A FRENCH nobleman, asked in conversation, an English officer, who had passed some days at Versailles, during the reign of Louis XV. if he had not been surprised at seeing such marks of loyalty?

"No," replied the officer, "I should have been surprised if I had not seen them."

"To be sure," replied the Frenchman, "the king is the most amiable man in the world."

"That is indisputable," said the officer; but has he not also governments, and regiments, and bishopricks to bestow? I should imagine that this consideration, might produce many marks of zealous attachment to his person, although he were not quite the most amiable man in the world."

" There is no people on earth, Sir," rejoined the Frenchman, " who have such a veneration for their kings, and so much disinterested loyalty as the French."

" Forgive me," said the officer, " I know a people who can dispute those qualifications with them."

" What people ?"

" The subjects of the emperor of Morocco," replied the officer. " He hardly ever speaks to his subjects *qu'a coups de sabres*, and yet they venerate him in the most astonishing manner. He does them the honour, of cutting off, on some occasions, their heads, with his own hands, and is much praised by the courtiers around, for his dexterity; in short, they display every mark of attachment to his person; and may be said with truth, to love their sovereign to distraction.—This is, gentlemen, what I call disinterested loyalty."

FRIENDSHIP

Is a plant of slow growth in every climate. Happy the man who can rear a few !

VEXATION.

One great source of it proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

> "The present moment, like a wife we shun,
> And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own."

MALICE,

When introduced by genius and wit, is often tolerated on account of the respect due to the introducers; but when the wretch comes alone, or is accompanied by dullness, which often happens, she will be expelled with infamy, from all good company.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure and business contrast and give a relish to each other, like day and night; the constant vicissitudes of which, are far more delightful than any uninterrupted half year of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable manner, one ought to be so much a man of pleasure as to postpone any necessary business; not so much a man of business as to despise elegant amuse-

ment. A proper mixture of both, forms a more infallible specific against *tedium* and fatigue, than a constant regimen of the most pleasant of the two.

SENSIBILITY.

WHILE their cares are contracted, and all their feelings absorbed, within the compass of their own skin, some people who affect sensibility, seem often convinced, that they are of the most humane disposition, and the most extensive benevolence, upon no better foundation, than because they have felt themselves affected by the artful distresses of a romance, and because they could shed a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If they have occasionally given a guinea, they think of having carried benevolence to the utmost length. They have no notion beyond this; nor would they interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the most essential service to any of the human race.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

Vienna, 1778.

I HEAR, my young friend, that in a short time you are to set out on the usual tour through Europe: you solicit my advice. Accept the few following hints:

I hope you will always remember, that virtue and good sense, are not confined to any particular place, and that one end of travelling, is to free the mind of vulgar prejudices.

A considerable number of our countrymen, from prejudice, timidity, indolence, or from an absolute detestation of ceremony and restraint, seem rather to avoid the society of the inhabitants of the different countries through which they pass, and accept, with reluctance, every offer of hospitality. By this conduct, the true purport of travelling is lost or perverted. To go to France and Italy, and there converse with none but with English people, and merely that you may have it to say that you have been in those countries is certainly absurd. You will not imitate them: let you form connections and live on a social footing with the inhabitants of the different countries you are going to visit; let you at least seem pleased while you remain among them; this is the most effectual method of making them pleased with you, and of your accomplishing every object you have in visiting their country.

There are instances of Englishmen, who while on their travels, shock foreigners by an ostentatious preference of England, to all the rest of the world, the manners, customs, and opinions of every other nation.—Italy is too hot, the inns miserable, and the whole country swarms with monks and other vermin.—In France, the people are slaves and cox-combs, the music execrable; they boil their meat to rags, and there is no porter, and very little strong ale.—In Germany, some of their princes have little more to spend than an English gentleman: they use stoves instead of grates; they eat sour crout, and speak high Dutch. Thus they build their panegyric of Old England, on the ruin and wretchedness of other countries. I hope you will entirely avoid such abusive language, which shows that the English nation takes no trouble to conciliate the affections of foreigners.

Nothing also can be more absurd in an Englishman, than to adopt, with enthusiasm, the fashions, fopperies, taste, and manners of those countries, and transplant them to England, where they never will thrive, and where they always appear awkward and unnatural. For after all his efforts of imitation, a travelled Englishman, is as different from a Frenchman or Italian, as an English mastiff is from a monkey or a fox: and if ever that sedate or plain-meaning dog should pretend to the gay friskness of the one, or to the subtility of the other, we

should certainly value him much less than we do. But you are not yet departed, and I advise you to avoid, at your return, the ridiculous affectation of expressing, like many others, your contempt for every thing that is English.

Let me return to counsels which may be useful to you in the present moment. The taste for letters, my young friend, which you have acquired at the university, will not be diminished on classic ground, or your mind be diverted, by a frivolous enthusiasm for music, or any other passion, from the manly strides and pursuits which become an English gentleman.

The study of human nature, in all its forms and modifications, is highly interesting to the mind, and worthy of all your attention. But, remember, that this is not to be perfectly attained in courts and palaces. The investigator of nature must visit her in humbler life, and put himself on a level with the men whom he wishes to know. To become perfectly acquainted with the characters of men, as they appear in different situations and countries, you will mix occasionally with all degrees of people, and, when not otherwise engaged, will not scruple to take a seat at the *table d'hoté*. Those who possess real greatness of mind, never hesitate to despise the forms which may stand in the way of their acquiring the useful knowledge of men.

As you regard, my young friend, the preservation of your character, and the tranquillity of

your mind, let no example, however high, lead you into the practice of deep play.

Accept the preceding sermon, with my best wishes.

SUICIDE.

It appears to me, that no reasoning can have the smallest force in preventing it, but what is founded upon the soul's immortality, and a future state. What effects can the common arguments have on a man who does not believe that necessary and important doctrine?—He may be told that he did not give himself life, therefore he has no right to take it away:—that he is a centinel on a post, and ought to remain till he is relieved;—What is all this to the man who thinks he is never to be questioned for his violence and desertion?

If you attempt to pique this man's pride, by asserting, that it is a greater proof of courage to bear the ills of life, than to flee from them; he will answer you from the Roman history, and ask, whether Cato, Cassias and Marcus Brutus, were cowards?

Those philosophers, therefore, who have endeavoured to shake this great and important conviction from the minds of men, have thereby opened a door to suicide as well as to other crimes.

It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in many cases, this question is decided by mens' feelings, and independent of reasonings of any kind.

Nature has not trusted a matter of so great importance, entirely to the fallible reason of men; but has planted in the human breats, such a love of life and horror of death, as seldom can be overcome, even by the greatest misfortunes.

But there is a disease which sometimes affects the body, and afterwards communicates its baneful influence to the mind, over which it hangs such a cloud of horrors as renders life absolutely insupportable. In this dreadful state, every pleasing idea is banished, and all the sources of comfort in life, are poisoned.—Neither fortune, honours, friends, nor family, can afford the smallest satisfaction.—Hope, the last pillar of the wretched, falls to the ground.—Despair lays hold of the abandoned sufferer—then all reasoning becomes vain—even arguments of religion have no weight, and the poor creature embraces death, as his only friend, which, as he thinks, may terminate, but cannot augment his misery.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS,

WHICH sink into the heart, and form the character never change. The objects of our attention, vary in the different periods of life. This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality, remains essentially the same. He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate and generous.

EQUALITY.

A TYRANT of antiquity, ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron; stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality; and such is the equality which the tyrants who have tortured the French with their made-decrees would subject them to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society, but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, or activity, or industry.

It is not surprising that this idea of equality, is very favourably received by the lower order

of society. I make no manner of doubt, that there are men of acknowledged dullness, and women decidedly ugly, who would rejoice in a decree for an equality of genius and beauty; and who, to that variety in which nature delights, would prefer an insipid monotony of talents and looks all over the world. But until nature shall issue such a decree, the decrees of all the national conventions on earth, to establish *egalité*, will be vain.

FRENCH NATION.

THE French nation, have indeed, shewn themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotic government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals, of so wild a nature, as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and carressing they may appear when under controul, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

ENGLISH GENERALLY ENVIED.

THE universal satisfaction which appears all over Europe at the idea of England's being stript of her colonies, certainly does not originate from political sentiments; but in a great degree from that reserve which kept Englishmen from cultivating the friendship of foreigners; that pride which hinders them from stooping to humour prejudices; that indifference which makes them disregard the approbation of others, and betray the contempt they are too ready to entertain for customs and sentiments different from their own. These are things not easily forgiven, and for which no superiority of genius, magnanimity or integrity can compensate. These are causes which have made foreigners take part against us in the dispute with America.

VINTAGE.

IT was the gay season of the vintage. The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes, and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. In all countries, this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated descriptions, which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration

in our manners.—For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people. In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France, during the vintage.—Every village is enlivened with music, dancing, and glee; and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage-season, would imagine the French peasants in a situation as enviable as that formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.

JOSEPHIANA.

THE Emperor Joseph, being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, *Je suis par metier Royaliste.*

One person at a conversazione, at the Countess Walstein's, where he was present, remarked, that his majesty had banished all the inconveniencies of etiquette from his court. To which he replied, "It would be hard, indeed, if because I have the ill-fortune to be an Emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste, convinced that the man who is secluded from the blessings of

society, and raises himself above friendship, is also raised above happiness."

Some days after he had thus expressed himself, at an exhibition of fire-works, in the Prater: * The Emperor, saw in a narrow passage, a tall Englishman, who had been at the Countess Walstein's, and who being of a large make, could not move, though those of a smaller size extricated themselves; and thus remained in a very awkward situation. He called out:—Ah, Monsieur! Je vous ai bien annoncé combien il est incommode d'etre trop *grand*.—A present vous de vez bien être de mon avis;—mais comme je ne puis rien faire pour vous soulager, je vous recommande à Saint George.

At a grand masquerade, the Emperor, who takes no part himself but as a spectator, was conversing with an English gentleman, in the middle of the hall, without observing that the third ballet was going to be danced, when the master of the ceremonies whispered him in the ear.—The Emperor seizing the Englishman by the arm, said—allons, Monsieur, on nous chasse—il faut se retirer; and immediately walked into another room, to give place to others who had not seen the dance.

* The Prater, is a large park, near Vienna, planted with wood, and surrounded by the Danube.

NECKER,

A CITIZEN of Geneva was bred a banker, and in that business at Paris, he accumulated a very large fortune, sustaining the character of a man of integrity. His fortune enabled him, and his inclination prompted him, to live in a style at once splendid and hospitable; and his house was frequented by men of rank and by men of letters. According to the custom of his country, his education had been of a literary nature. He cultivated ever after his taste for letters in the intervals of business. He was thought to have just, extensive, and philosophical ideas on the subjects of commerce and finance, to be an able calculator, and indefatigable in business. His greatest enemies, have not been able to injure his reputation for probity.

At the time of the revolution, when the finances of France were in great disorder, it is not surprising that a man of such character, and so connected, should be thought of as a proper person to regulate them.

The public had the highest expectation from the measure; for M. Necker's talents had been praised with an exaggeration which the enthusiasm of the moment alone could have rendered credible. What else, but the most superlative abilities, could have made a foreigner, a banker, and a heretic, be thought of as a minister of finance, such an high and confidential office.

He unquestionably had sincerely at heart the prosperity of the French nation, as his greatest ambition was to be the instrument of it. Although born a republican, he was of opinion, that a republican form of government, neither suited the extent of the French empire, nor the character of the French people. He was the friend of liberty, but thought he could be sure of a permanent and happy residence in France under a limited monarchical form of government. Yet, he has been thought, by his conduct, to have greatly contributed to the destruction of monarchy in France.

MASQUERADES.

I AM not surprised that the Germans, especially those of high rank, are fond of masquerades, being so much harrassed with ceremony and form, and cramped by the distance which birth throws between people who may have a mutual regard for each other. I imagine they are glad to seize every opportunity of assuming the mask and domino, that they may taste the pleasures of familiar conversation, and social mirth.

MEMORABLE PLACES.

PLACES where any extraordinary event has happened, even though they should have nothing else to distinguish them, interest me more than the most flourishing country, or finest towns which has never been the scene of any thing memorable. Fancy, awakened by the view of the former, instantly gives shape and features to men we have never seen.—We hear them speak, and see them act; the passions are excited, the mind amused; the houses, the rivers, the fields around, supplying the absence of the poet and the historian; and restoring with new energy, the whole scene to the mind.

ROYAL CUSTOM.

I DO not know upon what principle the royal families of various countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in public. If these exhibitions are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid.

STANDING ARMIES.

THE greatest part of them on the continent of Europe, secure the despotism of the prince, whose maintenance is a more severe burthen upon the countries which support them.

The individuals who compose those armies, are miserable, by the tyranny exercised on them, and are themselves the cause of misery to their fellow-citizens, by the tyranny they exercise.

But it will be said, they defend the nation from foreign enemies.—Alas! could a foreign conqueror occasion more wretchedness than such defenders?—When he who calls himself protector has stripped me of my property and deprived me of my freedom, I cannot return him very cordial thanks, when he tells me that he will defend me from every other robber.

MONKISH GALLANTRY.

VISITING a convent of monks, on the top of mount Calenberg, near Vienna, a lady of a gay disposition, laid hold of a little scourge which hung at one of the fathers' belts, and desired he would make her a present of it, for she wished to use it when she returned home, having, as she said, been a great sinner.—The father, with great gallantry, begged she would spare her own fair skin,

assuring her, that he would give himself a hearty flogging on her account, that very evening—and to prove how much he was in earnest, fell directly on his knees before a little altar, and began to whip his own shoulders with great earnestness, declaring, that when the ladies should retire, he would lay it with the same violence on his naked body; for he was determined she should be as free from sin, as she was on the day of her birth.

This melted the heart of the lady.—She begged the father might take no more of her faults upon his shoulders.—She now assured him, that her slips had been very venial, and that she was convinced, what he had already done, would clear her as completely as if he should whip himself to the bone. What a ludicrous scene!

DEVOTION.

A FRENCHMAN, in a creditable way of life, had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman.—After expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care, that he had always addressed it in his private devotion; and that in return, he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been

remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks. and having a great share in the cargo of a ship, coming from the West Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and, that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods—notwithstanding all which, the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors, in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—Enfin, Monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation, mingled with regret; and raising his shoulders above his ears, *enfin, Monsieur, il m'a manqué, & je vends mon Christ.*

HEREDITARY MONARCHY,

THE proofs which experience has afforded, that it is more conducive than a republic, to the happiness of those millions who inhabit an extensive kingdom, are the only right which kings have to their crown; a good king, would not wish for a stronger; a wise one, could hardly believe they ever had any other.

MINISTERS OF STATE.

It is fortunate for philosophers, that they can do pretty well without being ministers of state; but it is very unfortunate for a minister of state not to be somewhat of a philosopher. It is probable that he will have frequent occasions for the exercise of philosophy during his administration, and he will stand in need of a great deal of it when turned suddenly out of his high office. The wonderful alteration which ministers experience on their removal in that universal obsequiousness, they are accustomed to, while in office, however natural it may seem to the rest of the world, generally is so shocking to them, that instead of philosophers, it is apt to make them misanthropes.

MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.

The word *people*, have, by the French, been long applied to the lowest order only; it was considered by many members of the first national assembly, as lowering the deputies, to denominate them *Representans du Peuple Francais*. Mirabeau, in one of his discourses, made the following energetic observation:—

"I give no weight to the signification of words, according to the absurd language of prejudice. I here speak the language of liberty,

and am supported by the example of the English and of the Americans, who have always respected the name of the *People*, and have always adopted it in their declarations, in their laws, and in their politics. When Chatham compressed the charter of nations in a single expression, and pronounced the *Majesty of the People;* when the Americans opposed the *natural Rights of the People*, to all the trash published against them; they shewed that they understood the true signification and full energy of an expression, to which freedom gives so great a value."

An English gentleman, celebrated for wit, walking the streets of London, with a democratic acquaintance of his, who frequently used that expression, they met a couple of chimney-sweeps; the gentleman took off his hat, and made them a very formal bow as they passed. his acquaintance asked what he meant—I was only shewing the respect, replied the other, which is due from every loyal subject to two princes of the blood.

CANAILLE.

LATELY in the gallery of the national assembly, a man dressed like a gentleman, but less polite than our English wit, had a dispute with two persons of a poor appearance: he called them *Canaille*, which drew the severest of all

repartees from one of them, namely, that he was an aristocrat; and he was obliged to leave the gallery.

A gentleman who had entered with him, was very near being reduced to the same necessity! The people, said one in an angry tone, are not to be treated in the insolent manner your friend did, Sir.

The other, mildly answered: "It is not probable that I should insult the people, since I have the honour to be one of them."

POST-MASTER.

A FRENCH post-master, who had something more precise and formal in his manner than is usual with Frenchmen, because he had formerly been a schoolmaster, gave me, on my way to Paris, a proof of his power of reasoning: on his putting only two horses to a chaise instead of three, he advertised us that he expected to be paid for three. I hinted that it did not seem quite reasonable.—"I will have the honour, gentlemen," resumed he, "with a solemn air, of making this as clear as day-light. You must all know that travellers are often detained in the middle of their journey by an accident happening to one of the horses in their carriage; but there is a greater chance of this happening to one of three horses, than of two." His argu-

ment was allowed to be irresistible, and he was paid his full demand.—" All that I ever desire of any mortal," continued the post-master, " is that he will only hear me, and listen to the voice of reason."

SINCERE HATER.

A GENTLEMAN who pretends to know the French thoroughly, said to me the other day: " The French have been accused of being very inconstant *lovers*. I know nothing of that: but I do assure you, that they are very sincere and constant *haters;* playing on an expression recorded by Dr. Johnson."

MODEL OF ELOQUENCE.

I WAS the other day at the national assembly, when Danton went into the tribune; and as Marat seemed at this time, en mauvaise odeur with the convention, he thought proper to make the following elegant declaration:

" I declare to the whole republic, that I do not love Marat. I frankly acknowledge, that I have some experience of the man; and I find not only that he is boisterous and quarrelsome, but also unsociable."

What do you think of Danton's eloquence?

NATURE NOT ARISTOCRATICAL.

A FRENCH lady distinguished for wit, having remarked the ingenuity of a footman belonging to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, said, "il faut avouer que la nàture n'est pas aristocrate." —If nature has been partial to democracy, it must be confessed, however, that the democrats of France, have been most ungrateful to nature, by violating all her laws, and wounding all her feelings.

ROBERSPIERRE.

THERE is something inexplicable in his character: he does not seem to have been actuated by the same motives which are generally supposed to have influenced other monsters of cruelty.

The usual incentives to deeds of that nature with tyrants, or men possessed of unlimited power, are, the fear of being deprived of it, avarice, bigotry, revenge, and sometimes a diabolical kind of enjoyment in beholding torture: The common motives, to deeds of cruelty, in men in private life, are, jealousy, revenge, covetousness, and ambition: but Roberspierre was not avaricious, was not a bigot, had no injuries to avenge, was never present at an execution,

was never in love,—yet he extended the most horrid acts of cruelty to thousands who stood not in the way of his ambition; and continued them after his ambition was satisfied, and his power quietly submitted to. Wicked politicians often use religion as a cover for crimes, without any sentiment of religion in their hearts:—this man evinced a contempt for religion, and directed his cruelty against those who shewed a reverence for Christianity. Enthusiasts are capable of criminal actions, without any sentiment of wickedness in their hearts: though Roberspierre was thought an enthusiast, this could not be said of him. Could any human creature, without the most wicked of hearts, during the fifteen dreadful months his power lasted, exercise more acts of cruelty than any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever exercised in the same space of time. By his order, or with his approbation, many thousands of men, women, and children, of all ranks, were confined in loathsome prisons, treated with the most shocking barbarity, until they were, in troops of fifty in a day, dragged to execution. Many thousands of inoffensive peasants, who did not understand what the word revolution meant, were drowned in the Loire; numbers of the inhabitants of Lyons driven into inclosures, to be torn in pieces by grape-shot; and many of his own intimate acquaintance, not only those who were of a different party, and opposed his horrid cruelty,

but those who had long aided, and supported him, in his plans of bloodshed and devastation, he sent, on the first appearance of disapprobation of his measures, without remorse, to the guillotine: and what seems as singular, as unaccountable, as all that has been enumerated, is, that a spirited people, excited by enthusiasm for liberty, should, while their enthusiasm was at the height, have quietly submitted, for fifteen months, to the tyranny of an obscure, canting, capricious, madman, though exercised with more wanton cruelty than had ever been displayed by the most despotic of their monarchs.

POLITENESS.

THE great use of politeness is to correct the partiality, and to check the rapacity of self-love. Politeness may be compared to a mask with the features of benevolence, by which men try to cover the deformity of selfishness. Some wear this mask so aukwardly, that they continually show part of the ugly features behind it; others let it fall from their face entirely by too profound and too frequent bendings. He, who in the midst of the homage he pays the company, plainly discovers that he thinks himself superior to them all, certainly defeats the purpose of politeness. Such a man is like one who in the very act of obsequiously bowing to another, is

all the while admiring his own attitudes, in a mirror placed behind the person he pretends to be treating so courteously.

Many people entertain the notion that great politeness and apparent gentleness of behaviour, are generally accompanied with falsehood and real coldness;—even inhumanity of character—as if human nature, like marble, took a polish proportionate to its hardness.

This idea is certainly formed without an accurate examination, and from a superficial view of mankind. As a boorish address is no proof of honesty, so is politeness no indication of the reverse;—and if they are once reduced to an equality in this particular, it is evident that the latter is preferable in every other respect.

A writer of great ingenuity and eminence regrets, that "we shall never more behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom;" and adds, "that with these, are also fled that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it indicated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which *vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.*"

Notwithstanding the splendid elegance and force of this passage, the concluding sentiment

has been justly censured. It is most certain, that in general society, politeness is a convenient substitute for benevolence; and that, when rude and polished men are equally vicious, the latter are less disgusting, and sometimes less mischievous, than the former—a savage, when he hates a man, will murder him. In polished society, a man with the same passion, will refrain from murder. It is equally true, that a great deal of the grossness of vice may be removed, without a grain of its intrinsic wickedness being removed with it. The courtier, who, in elegant terms, professes friendship to the man he is endeavouring to supplant, exhibits as much genuine vice as the most vulgar footpad that ever knocked a man down, or informed against his accomplice.

All the refinements of court cannot alter the nature of falsehood, ingratitude, or treachery; nor can all the perfumes of the East sweeten the corruption of vice. If polish in some cases renders it less mischievous than it would otherwise be, it may make it, in other cases, more dangerous by being more attractive.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

I AM every day more and more convinced that its unrestrained productions, the licentious newspapers themselves not excepted, have conveyed to every corner of Great-Britain, along with much impertinence and scurrility, such a regard for the constitution, such a sense of the rights of the subject, and such a degree of general knowledge, as never were so universally diffused over any other nation.

Nothing besides can be a greater check to the wantonness of power, than the privilege of unfolding private grievances at the bar of the public. Thus the cause of individuals is made a public concern, and the general indignation which their wrongs excite, forms, at once, one of the severest punishments which can be inflicted on the oppressor, and one of the strongest bulwarks that can be raised in defence of the unprotected.

By the freedom of the press, the most speedy and effectual alarm is given all over the nation, when any great public misconduct happens, or upon any appearance of a design against the constitution. Though this liberty produces much silly advice and malignant censors without number, it likewise gives useful hints to ministers.

MILITARY DRUMS.

I HAVE seen at Manheim, the troops perform their exercise; and I was a good deal surprised to observe, that not only the movements of the soldiers' muskets, and the attitudes of their bodies, but also their devotions were under the major's cane.

The major flourishes his cane;—the drum gives a single tap, and every man under arms raises his hand to his hat;—at a second stroke on the drum, they take off their hats, and are supposed to pray;—at a third, they finish their petitions, and put their hats on their heads.—If any man has the assurance to prolong his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is punished on the spot, and taught to be less devout for the future.

The ingenuous inventor of drums, certainly never dreamt of their becoming the regulators of peoples' piety.—But the modern improvements in the military art, are truly wonderful!—and we need not despair after this, of seeing a whole regiment, by the progress of discipline, so modelled as to eat, drink, and perform other animal functions uniformly together, at the word of command, as they poise their firelocks.

C—— called at my lodgings one morning the summer before I left London.—I had remained in town, merely because I had no particular business elsewhere; but he assured me that the town was a desert;—that it was shameful to be seen in the streets;—that all the world was at Brighthelmstone.—So I allowed him to conduct me to that place, where we had remained only a few days, when he told me, that none of the people he cared for, were there; and, as I had nothing particular to detain me, he begged as a favour that I would accompany him to Tunbridge.—We went accordingly. C—— remained pretty quiet for about four days;—he yawned a good deal on the fifth;—and on the sixth, I thought he would have dislocated his jaws. As he perceived I was pleased with the place, and would take none of his hints about leaving it, he at last pretended that he had received a letter, which made it absolutely necessary for him to set out for London:—and away he went.

I staid three weeks at Tunbridge.—On my return to town, I understood that C—— had taken a genteel furnished house for the summer, in Yorkshire, where he had already passed a week, having previously engaged a female friend to go along with him. Two days after I had received this account, I saw him enter my room. He told me he was quite disgusted with his

house, and more so with his companion: and besides, he had taken a violent fancy to go to Paris, which you know, added he, is the most delightful place in the world, especially in summer; for the company never think of rambling about the country, like our giddy fools in England, but remain together in the capital, as sensible people ought to do.

He then proposed that we should pack up a few things, take post, pass over, and spend a couple of months at Paris. Finding I did not relish the proposal, he wrote an apology to the lady in Yorkshire, with an inclosed bank bill, and set out next day by himself. I heard no more of him for six weeks, but at the end of that time, happening to be at Bath, I saw my friend C—— enter the pump-room.—Egad, said he, you were wise to stay at home:—Paris is become the most insipid place on earth:—I could not support it above ten days.—But, having heard a good deal of Holland, I even took a jaunt to Amsterdam, which, between friends, I found very little more amusing than Paris; two days after my arrival, finding an English ship just ready to sail, I thought it would be a pity to let the opportunity slip; so I ordered my trunk aboard. We had a disagreeable passage:—however I arrived safe a few days ago at Harwich.

COMFORT.

" I have had very much vexation."—Thus was speaking a poor old soldier. " I had been long out of work, when poor Mary my wife, chanced to fall sick. I run a little in debt.—Never since our grenadiers were repulsed from the intrenchments of Montmorency, did I feel a heavier heart."——

" No wonder," said Mrs. ——. " It was enough to drive you to despair."

" I never give way to despair;"—replied the soldier;' " for it is of no use, and so I always make it a rule to keep it off."

" How do you contrive that?"

" By always trusting to Providence, and sometimes taking a *dram*."

KINDNESS.

A SERVANT after having fired a pistol at some robbers, who had introduced themselves in the house of his master, said: " and so please your honour, whether the villains have got any gold, I cannot tell, but I am certain they have carried off a little lead with them; and I heartily wish it were twice as much for their sakes."

ENGLISH BEAUTY,

Is more remarkable in the country than in town; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks, with those of England. That race of people, have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, are so hard-worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not.

LEGACY.

A NATIVE of the Highlands of Scotland, rented a small portion of land of a nobleman of that country. Being upon his death bed, he expresed a desire of seeing his master. The nobleman went directly to the hut of his tenant, and condoled with him on the melancholy state he

seemed to be in. "I am greatly indebted to your Lordship," said the dying man, "for the condescension and kindness which you have always shewed to me. I am now dying, my lord, and would willingly leave to so good a master, what I have of the greatest value in this world."

"I am happy, my good friend, to hear," said his lordship, "that you have any thing of value to leave; whatever you have, I must insist on your leaving it all to your little son Duncan, here; and whatever his portion is, I am more disposed to add to it than diminish it."

"Little Duncan, is all I have to leave," replied the poor man, "and the greatest uneasiness I have in dying, is the thought of the destitute condition of that boy. I intreat earnestly of your lordship, to accept of this poor orphan, as a pledge of my regard, and the only legacy I have to bestow."

"I do accept him, with all my heart and soul," cried his Lordship, "and if he proves as honest a man as his father, nothing but death shall part him and me."

"Praise be to the Almighty," cried the dying man, with uplifted eyes and arms. "Thanks to the gracious God of heaven and earth, for all his goodness to me and mine!— Oh! my good lord," continued he, addressing the nobleman, "you have made me a happy man."— Here the sudden gush of joy overwhelmed the

feeble heart of this poor man; he fell back on his heath pillow and expired.

The nobleman led the boy home to his castle, and after placing him some years at school, took him to attend his own person.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

THE great end and object of every government ought to be the happiness of the governed. We conceive the diffusion of happiness to be the grand purpose even of creation. When the avowed object is the promotion of general happiness in every government and institution, individual happiness ought to have a proper weight. I question much if this is the case in the system of military discipline, particularly in Germany.

The exhibition of a review is brilliant to the eye; but an investigation of the springs on which its movements depend is most afflicting to the heart. The number of blows to which a recruit in the German service is subjected, is not to be counted; and the various severities he must endure, before he can be brought to hold himself as erect as a pike, to wheel to the right and left with the agility of a harlequin, to bear restraint with the patience of a bramin, and to toss his firelock with the dexterity of a juggler, are inconceivable.

DESCRIPTIONS, WHEN TEDIOUS.

It is hardly possible for any mortal to contemplate the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landscape, without admiration and delight.

It is hardly possible not to receive much pleasure from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terrific rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself, become tiresome.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

—I do not know where I met with the following lines; they are natural and easy, expressive of true philosophy, as well as of the conduct and sentiments of the whole French nation.

M'amuser n'importe comment,
Fait toute ma Philosophie.
Je crois ne perdre aucun moment,
Hors le moment où je m'ennuie;
Et je tiens ma tâche finie,
Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement,
Je me defasse de la vie.

FORTUNATE GAMESTERS.

I SHALL not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters, have used those means to correct fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent,—but we may suppose that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool and shrewd men are mingled; who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gaiety of manners; — who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition;— who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Mareschal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the queen? —De l'ascendent, she replied, qu'un esprit superieur a toujours sur des esprits foibles.

INSOLENCE

WHEN supported by power is mean—without that support it is ridiculous.

POSTILLIONS.

THE contrast of character between French and Germans is strongly illustrated in the behaviour of the postillions of the two countries.

A French postillion is generally either laughing or fretting, or singing or swearing, all the time he is on the road. If a hill or a bad road obliges him to go slow, he will of a sudden fall a cracking of his whip above his head for a quarter of an hour together, without rhyme or reason; for he knows the horses cannot go a bit faster, and he does not intend they should. All this noise and emotion therefore means nothing, and proceeds entirely from that abhorrence of quiet, which every Frenchman sucks in with his mother's milk.

A German postillion, on the contrary, neither sings, nor frets, nor laughs: he only smokes. If you call him to go faster, he turns about, looks you in the face, takes his pipe from his mouth, and says, *yaw Mynheer—yaw, yaw;* and then proceeds exactly in the same pace as before. He is no way affected whether the road be good or bad; whether it rains, or shines, or snows. He has one object of which he never loses sight, which is, to conduct your chaise from one post to another; and unless his pipe goes out (in which case he strikes his flint and rekindles it) he seems not to have another idea during the journey.

WOMEN.

THERE is much expression in the countenances of French women; but the ladies in Germany have the advantage in the fairness of their skin, and the bloom of their complexion. They have a greater resemblance to English women than to French, yet they differ considerably from them both.

A handsome French woman, besides the ease of her manner, has commonly a look of cheerfulness and great vivacity.—She appears willing to be acquainted with you, and seems to expect that you should address her.

The manner of an English woman is not so devoid of restraint; and a stranger, especially if he be a foreigner, may observe a look which borders on disdain in her countenance. Even among the loveliest features, something of a sulky air often appears. While their beauty allures, this, in some degree, checks that freedom of address which you might use to the French woman; and interests your vanity more, by giving the idea of the difficulties you are to conquer.

A German beauty, without the smart air of the one, or the reserve of the other, has generally a more placid look than either.

SALT HERRING.

A FRENCH student of medicine, lodged in the same house in London, with a man in a fever. This poor man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, though he nauseated the insipid liquids that were presented to him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered in her ear—For God's sake bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please."

The woman indulged him in his request; he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered.

The French student inserted this aphorism in his journal:—

A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever.

On his return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to the first patient in a fever to whom he was called.

The patient died: on which the student inserted in his journal the following caveat:—

N. B. *Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman.*

LORD TORPID.

LORD Torpid is thought as polite a nobleman as any about court; there is a bowing, smiling attentiveness in his manner, which those who

are ignorant that it is the effect of mere habit, mistake for an indication of good-will. Lord Torpid is incapable of doing a rude thing; but a corn on his own toe, gives him more concern than the greatest misfortune that can befal any of his acquaintance, including those he calls his friends. He passes his time at court, at the opera, at concert, in lounging, and at his toilet. He is visited by a dentist, who has the superintendance of his teeth; an operator for the nails regularly inspects those of his Lordship's fingers and toes as often. It is observed, that on the remaining three days of the week, the noble Lord is much at a loss what to do with himself, when the hour arrives which those different artists are in use to occupy.

The utmost that can be said at any period of his life, is that he is in existence; and it is more than a cautious person would venture to affirm at some particular times, when he seems to have as little feeling as a corpse. This is peculiarly observable at the play-house, for, although he never goes till the play is ended, from taste, he is some times obliged to attend before it begins from duty; and there he contemplates Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera, and Lady Randolph, with great composure. His friends endeavour to explain this, by saying, that his lordship, like many other respectable people, has no relish for tragedy. And when it afterwards appears that he is equally unmoved with the genuine nature and

exquisite pleasantry of Mrs. Jordan; they are forced to add, that his lordship also resembles those respectable people who have no relish for comedy.

A GOOD ENOUGH SORT OF MAN,

Is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly, through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend or foe in the world: but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow, or satisfaction at the event.

COUNTESS BRUNELLA,

Takes every opportunity of insinuating that she has been in her youth greatly distinguished for her beauty. Her charms, however, whatever they have once been, are now entirely fled: but she still retains all the vanity, insolence, and caprice, which ever attended the bloom of beauty, with the addition of that peevishness and ill-humour, which often accompany its decay. Her insolence, however, is only displayed to the unprotected, and her ill-humour to her servants; for to her superiors she is always

obsequious, and to her equals she wears an everlasting simper of approbation. This woman's benevolence is regulated by decorum; her friendship by conveniency; and all her affections by etiquette. Her heart has no concern in any of those matters.

She is chaste, without being virtuous, because in her it proceeds from constitution, not sentiment. Guarded by the breast-plate of frigidity, which, like the ægis of Minerva, repels the shafts of love, she walks through life erect and steady to the dictates of decorum and self-interest, without a slip or false step.

Inexorable to all helpless females, who, from the frailty of nature, or the perfidy of man, are observed to totter, or even to stoop, in their progress, she insists that they should be for ever excluded from the society of the upright: and, if any person shews a disposition to palliate their errors, this vulture of chastity quits, for a moment, the frail bird on whom she has pounced, and turns her envenomed beak against those who are for shewing the smallest degree of mercy; and being freed by nature from any propensity to one particular frailty, she indulges, without bounds, in the gratification of envy, hatred, slander, haughtiness, and other vices of the same class, for which, from her childhood, she has discovered a decided taste.——

TALENT.

You know how laborious a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M——. The conversation either degenerates into a soliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thought of the French Marquis's company. He was uncommonly lively; addressed much of his conversation to his Lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sung *chansons à boire*, and tried in vain to get my Lord to join in the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation; to no purpose. His Lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last; and then drove away to the Opera,

"Ma foi," said the Marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, "il a de grands talens pour le silence ce Milord là."

DUTCHMAN

At Basil, when at table, I expressed to my Strasbourg acquaintance my regret that I could not speak a little Dutch, to enjoy the conversation of a Dutchman, my neighbour. It was immediately translated to him, he heard it with great composure, took his pipe from his

mouth, and made the following answer.—That I ought to console myself, for as we had no connection or dealings together, our conversing could not possibly answer any purpose.

COURTIERS.

On a gala day, at the court of Cashel, I observed in the drawing-room two persons, saluting each other with great politeness, and apparent regard. A little after, one of them touched my shoulder, and pointing to the other, whispered in my ear.—" Prenez garde, Monsieur, à cet homme ; c'est, un grand coquin."

The other within a few minutes came to me, saying ;—" Croyez-vous, Monsieur, que vous puissiez reconnoitre un fou ; si je vous le montrois ?"—Le voila, added he, showing the person who had whispered me before.

I have been since told, by those who know both, that each had hit exactly upon the other's character.

This little trait I have mentioned merely on account of its singularity, and to show you how very different the manners of the court, and the sentiments of the courtiers here, with regard to each other, are from those at St. James's.

PERFECTION.

THERE is room to fear, that the race of those perfect beings incapable of weakness and invulnerable to vice, who are armed at all points, and cased in virtues, as the knights of chivalry were in mail, has intirely failed, as well as that of those tremendous giants, void of every virtue, and replete with every vice, who lived in the same ages;—till these opposite extremes, men intirely good or completely wicked, appear again, we must be contented with that mediocrity of character which prevails, and draw mankind as we find them, the best subject to weaknesses, the worst imbued with some good quality.

JEALOUSY.

To remove suspicions from the breast of a man given to jealousy, and prevent their returning, would be changing his nature. This passion has a tendency not only to sour the temper, but to obscure the understanding.

——— Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

DEPENDENTS.

It is a miserable trait in a young man's character, to prefer the company of obsequious dependents, who, on no occasion, withhold their assent, to that of men of liberal spirit, or equal rank with himself; a feature which infallibly puts an end to improvement, and renders a man at length as disagreeable to society, as society is disagreeable to him.

CRUELTY.

It hath been often said, that cowards only are cruel; but although it is natural to think, and observation will justify the opinion, that they are more apt to be so than the intrepid; yet there are but too many proofs that one of the most respectable and brilliant qualities which can adorn the character of man, is sometimes united to the most odious that can disgrace humanity, and that courage is not compatible with cruelty.

ADVICE.

Englishmen, consider perhaps advice as an encroachment on that liberty they are so fond of.

INNOCENCE.

THERE is a dignity and elevation in virtue, which overawes the most daring profligate. No man of sense, however free in his morals, ever attempted a woman till he imagined that she had some inclination to immorality. Let him use what delicate terms he pleases, to what purpose can he be supposed to express his own wishes, if he does not suspect that she has the same wishes with himself? This is the true point of view in which women ought to consider addresses of this nature.—In what other point of view can they be considered? A woman is solicited to grant what dishonours herself. Well, her solicitor, if he is not a fool, will not, in conscience, expect that she will stoop to this without a motive, or merely to please him; what then does he expect? Why, that she will consent to please herself.

FOP.

NOTHING is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more completely selfish. A ball, a horse-race, a new dancer, the latest fashion, interests him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what is valuable, attaches itself to those trifling ob-

jects only which the vortex of fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy. Like rubbed amber, the fop, without influencing any substance of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are near it.

PRUSSIAN MANNERS.

THE French manners, and turn of thinking, certainly prevail very little among the Prussian officers; but the ladies, have more the air of French women, than those of any court. They are by no means, neglected by men in general.—Many of the married women particularly, have avowed admirers, who attend them on all occasions, are invited with them to all entertainments, sit next them at table, and whom the master or the mistress of the feast, takes care to place in the same party with them at cards. When the lady is not provided with an attendant of this kind, her husband, as well as herself, is generally a little out of countenance, and both seem rather in an awkward situation, till this necessary concomitant be found.

In this country, when both parties are willing, and when there are no children, a divorce may be obtained with very little trouble or expence; you may be frequently in companies, where a

lady, her present and former husband are at table, and all parties behave in the most polite and friendly manner to each other.

Here jealousy is held in equal contempt and detestation, and scandal is very little known. People seem so fully occupied with their own private affairs, that they seldom trouble their heads about the business of their neighbours. If, in the course of conversation, an intimacy of a particular kind is hinted at between people of different sexes, it is mentioned accidentally, as a fact of no importance, and without the smallest blame or ill-natured reflection on either of the parties.

PARIS, IN 1779.

A CANDID Englishman, of whatever rank he may be, must see with indignation, that every thing here is arranged for the accommodation of the rich and the powerful, and that little or no regard is paid to the comfort of citizens of an inferior station. This appears in a thousand instances, and strikes the eyes immediately on entering Paris.

The regular and effectual manner in which the city of London is lighted at night, and the raised pavements on the side of every street, for the security and conveniency of foot-passengers,

seem to indicate that the body of the people, as well as the rich and great, are counted of some importance in the eye of government; whereas Paris is poorly and partially lighted; and except on the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, and the keys between them, is not provided with foot-ways, for the accommodation and safety of those who cannot afford carriages. They must therefore grope their way as they best can, and skulk behind pillars, or run into shops to avoid being crushed by the coaches, which are driven as near the wall as they please, dispersing the people on foot at their approach, like chaff before the wind.

Monarchy is raised in this country so high, that it quite loses sight of the bulk of the nation, and pays attention only to a few, who, being in exalted situations, come within the court's sphere of vision.

There is no question that government leaves the middle and inferior ranks of life in some degrees unprotected, and exposed to the injustice and insolence of the great, who are considered as somewat above the law, though greatly below the monarch.

But the polished mildness of French manners, the gay and sociable turn of the nation the affable and easy conduct of masters to their servants, supply the deficiencies, and correct the errors of government, and render the condition of the common people in France, but

particularly at Paris, better than in several other countries of Europe.

That city which owes its most admired ornaments, some peculiar rights, and a great part of its wealth to the favour of the monarchs; and which will lose more than any part of France by the continuation of a republican government, has shewn a greater violence against royalty, than the generality of the provinces; and its populace has become sanguinary and cruel.—This phenomenon may easily be accounted for. It is well known, that profligacy and wickedness of every sort are pushed to greater lengths in capitals, where vast numbers of mankind are assembled. Paris has been long thought a place of greater profligacy than any other capital in Europe. At London, the industry of the city, serves as some check to the dissipation of Westminster. The other capital cities in Europe are smaller and poorer. Paris, although not so large nor so rich as London, was more luxurious, because on account of the universality of the French language, the general situation of French manners, and other reasons, it was not only the capital of France, but in some degree, of all Europe, and was much more frequented by the rich and dissipated from every country, than London ever was. At Paris, pleasure was not only to be had on easier terms, but was also served up more to the taste of foreigners in general, than at London. There is a great resort

of industrious strangers to the latter, because of a more extensive field for industry; but undoubtedly a greater number of gamesters, sharpers, and adventurers of every denomination, from the different countries of Europe, were to be found at Paris, than in any other town in the world. Such men became the ready agents of those who had the most criminal views in the progress of the revolution, and pushed the Parisians to the greatest excesses.

They were intoxicated with rage and fury, while a little before they were intoxicated with love for their monarch. It seems to be in their nature to be always intoxicated with something or other.

INHUMANITY

Is a total disregard to the feelings of his fellow-creatures, when any interest or gratification of his own is in question. This disposition of the mind admits of fewer good qualities, and is connected with a greater number of bad, than any other of which human nature is susceptible. Montaigne, indeed, has said, " Nature a, (ce crains-je) elle même attaché à l'homme quelque instinct à l'inhumanité." But it is to be hoped, that the instinct he mentions belongs only to devils; and that a *disinterested* pleasure in the

sufferings of others, exists not even in the most wicked of human breasts. It is sufficiently deplorable, that any of mankind are capable of pursuing what they consider as their own interest, and sometimes interest of a very frivolous nature, at the expence of extreme misery to their fellow-creatures. The proofs, however, of this degree of cruelty, need not be drawn from the stories of giants, and records of chivalry; they are frequently found in more authentic history, and may be adduced from the conduct of too many of the heroes and great men of antiquity; not to mention the great men of our own days, whose sentiments and conduct, however different from those of the former in every other respect, have a wonderful resemblance to their predecessors, in this article of insensibility and disregard to the miseries of others.

HATRED.

THERE is, perhaps, no sentiment which it is so difficult to conceal from the person who is the object of it. A moderate adept in the art of dissimulation, may impose on those for whom he feels no esteem, or whom he even holds in contempt; and, if he has an interest in it, may persuade them that he has a high respect, or even veneration, for them: and this, in some measure, accounts for so many people of the

highest rank being ignorant of the true rate at which they are estimated. For the indications of contempt are easily restrained, and those of admiration as easily assumed; but it requires the powers of a finished hypocrite to hide hatred or aversion, and prevent their discovering themselves by some involuntary appearance in the countenance or manner.

BERLIN

Is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. The streets are built in a very regular manner, and of a commodious breadth. In the New Town they are perfectly straight. Frederick-Street is reckoned two English miles and a half, in length. Others, which go off at right angles from that, are a mile, or a mile and a half long.

There are few very magnificent buildings in this town. The rest are neat houses, built of a fine white free-stone, generally one, or at most two stories high. The finishing within does not correspond with the elegance of the outside. The arsenal, which is a noble structure, is built in the form of a square.

The new Roman catholic church is by far the most elegant place of worship in the city.

On the front of the Opera-house is this inscription.

"FREDERICUS REX, APOLLINI ET MUSIS."

After observing the inscriptions and ornaments of the palaces and other public buildings, the new method of decorating the churches, the number of Mercuries, Apollos, Minervas, and Cupids, that are to be met with in this country, a stranger might be led to suspect that the Christian religion was excluded from the Prussian dominions, and old Jupiter and his family restored to their ancient honours: instead of saints and crucifixes, Frederick the Great determined that the churches of Berlin should be ornamented with the portraits of men who have been useful to the state. Those of the Mareschal Swerin, Reith, &c. are already placed in the great Lutheran church.

Berlin, though not fortified, is certainly a very military town. When all the soldiers of the garrison are present, they amount to 30,000, in their general conduct they are quiet, and the police of the town is pretty well regulated.

The most fashionable walk in Berlin is in the middle of one of the principal streets.—Before the houses, on each side, there is a causeway, and between these two causeways are fine walks, planted with lime-trees. — Tents are pitched under these, and ice, lemonade, and other refreshments sold. The bands of music belonging to the regiments practise here in the summer. —The company generally are in the greatest

numbers in the evening, and often walk till it is very late.

Beneath the grateful evening shade,
The public walks, the public park,
Are assignations duly made,
With gentle whispers in the dark.

BARRACKS.

FREDERICK the Great chooses that his soldiers should be quartered with the citizens, rather than in barracks. This ought to be a sufficient answer to those military gentlemen who insist on building barracks for the soldiers of Britain, upon the supposition that our army cannot be well disciplined without them. For it could scarcely be expected, or wished that the British army were under more rigid discipline than the Prussian.

The British Parliament have always shown an aversion to lodging military in barracks, and have preferred quartering them in the citizens' houses, that a connection and good-will may be cultivated between the soldiers and their fellow-citizens: and that the former may not consider themselves as a distinct body of men, with a separate interest from the rest of the community, and whose duty it is implicitly to obey the will of the crown at all times, and upon all occasions.

In Prussia, on the contrary, it may not be thought expedient to lodge great bodies of armed men together in barracks, lest they should, during the night, (for in the day-time the officers are present), form combinations destructive of discipline, and dangerous to government.

MILITARY SLAVERY.

SINCE so great a number of men in Europe are doomed to it, it is much to be lamented that the doom should fall on the useful industrious peasantry, who pass their days in cheerfulness, tasting every real pleasure without the nausea of satiety, or the stings of remorse, and perhaps of of all mankind, these have the greatest enjoyment of life. If the useless, wealthy, and luxurious, could be translated into the same state, the sum total of happiness destroyed, would be infinitely smaller. This would not be annihilating happiness, but only shifting the scene of the wretched. Such recruits would only be harrassed by the caprice of others instead of their ruin; plagued with the manual exercise, instead of being tortured by peevishness and disgust; laid up in consequence of running the gantlet, instead of being laid up with the gout; —and finally, knocked down by a cannon-ball, instead of being killed by a fit of the apoplexy or a surfeit.

COMMERCE.

INJUDICIOUS taxes, monopolies, and other restrictions, cramp its speculations; like the wild commoners of the air, when confined or shackled, it immediately droops and dwindles; or, being alarmed, like love,

> " ——— at sight of human ties,
> " Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies."

LIBELS.

I NEVER had any delight in contemplating or exposing the dark side of human nature; but there are some shades so obvious that you cannot open your eyes without observing them. The satisfaction that many people enjoy in reading libels, wherein private characters are traduced, is of that nature. If to be abused in pamphlets and news-papers, is considered as adversity, the truth of Rochefoucault's maxim, is incontrovertible;—" Dans l'adversite de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas.

The common scribblers of the age have turned to their advantage this malevolent disposition, which they perceive to be so prevalent among men. Like the people who provide bulls and other animals to be baited by dogs, for the amusement of the spectators, these gentlemen

turn out a few characters every week, to be mangled and torn in the most cruel manner in the public news-papers.

It is the savage taste of those who pay for those amusements, which keep them in use. The writers of scurrilous books, often bear no malice to the individuals they abuse; they seldom have any knowledge of them. It is far from being impossible that the authors of these severe verses may have no more acquaintance with the lords and gentlemen against whom they write with such bitterness, than the weaver who wove their pocket-handkerchiefs. The motive for the fabrication of the one, as well as the other commodity, most probably was daily bread, and the poetasters have preferred satyre to panegyric, merely because they knew the first was most to the taste of their customers.

Many of those who exclaim against the injustice and cruelty of tearing private characters to pieces in public papers, have the most virulent of these productions served up every morning as regularly as their toast and butter. If they would forego the pleasure of reading them, the evil they complain of would cease directly.

FRIVOLITY.

When a man of great ambition, wickedness, and strength of mind, perpetrates crimes of the deepest dye, to attain his objects, it is no more than what might be expected; but it may lead to more useful reflections, to show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition, or any great stimulus to evil, may be gradually led from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness.

FEROCITY.

After the massacre of the fifty-two prisoners from Orleans, at Versailles, arrived a waggon, into which was thrown as many of the slaughtered bodies as the horses could draw.—A boy of fourteen years of age was within the waggon, assisting to receive the bodies as they were put in, with an air of much indifference. One of those wretches who threw in the bodies, and who, probably had assisted in the massacre, said to the spectators, in praise of the boy's activity: "Voyez ce petit bon homme comme il est hardi!"

Gracious heaven! were those barbarities, which would disgrace savages, committed by Frenchmen! by that lively and ingenious people, whose

writings are so much admired, whose society has been so much courted, and whose manners have been so much imitated?

PIETY.

A FRIEND of mine told me, that he was this forenoon in a bookseller's shop, and having observed the shelves of one side entirely filled with books of devotion, he had asked of the bookseller if books of that kind were in much request at present.

"A good deal," replied the bookseller, "with the aristocrats; as for the patriots, they hardly ever look into them."

"The reason of that," resumed my friend, "perhaps is, that the patriots being the poorer, have not money to lay out in books."

"They used to purchase them formerly," said the bookseller, "and it is only since the aristocrats became poor, that many of them began to purchase them at all."

A great proportion of mankind think very little of the next world, till the present becomes insupportable to them.

FRENCH NOBLES.

IN ancient times, the power of the state, and the whole spirit of the French armies, depended

on the noblesse; as gallant a class of men as the world ever produced. The Greek and Roman histories exhibit not brighter examples of generous intrepidity, than the annals of France. The noblesse, therefore, were at once respected by the sovereign and by the people.

But if they were respected, and admired, and had privileges granted to them, does it follow that the same are due to men bred in effeminate luxury, distinguished for their follies and debasing amusements? The following is the description which Montesquieu gives of that part of the nobility of France, which at the Revolution formed the court, "Ambition with indolence; meanness with pride; desire of enriching themselves without labour; aversion for truth; flattery; perjury; contempt for the duties of a citizen; fear of the virtues of their sovereign; and hope from his foibles; above all, a continual attempt to turn virtue into ridicule, form the character of the majority of the courtiers." —Fond of the trappings of a soldier, they shrunk from its real dangers. Riches and promotions at home were obtained by court intrigue, more than military merit, or merit of any kind. The noblesse who came from the distant provinces, were by them treated superciliously. Many officers of the army when they came to Versailles, found their services abroad forgotten. Is it surprizing then that they were greatly disgusted with the present system?

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

It is a free imperial city, having a small territory belonging to it; and it is governed by its own magistracy.

Its streets are spacious and well paved, the houses stately, clean, and convenient; the shops well furnished; the dress, the number, the air, and general manners of the inhabitants, sufficiently show, without other information, that there is no little despot within their walls to impoverish them, in support of his grandeur; and to put every action of their lives, every movement of their bodies, under restraint by his caprice.

All religions are tolerated here, under certain restrictions; but Lutheranism is the established faith, as the magistrates are of that communion.

The Jews have a synagogue in this city, where they perform their religious rites; but the Calvinists have never been allowed any public house of worship within the territory of Frankfort. They attend divine service at a place called Bockenheim, in the county of Hanau, where they have built a church.

The principal church is in the possession of the Roman catholics, but no public procession of the host is performed. In it there is a chapel, to which the Emperor is conducted immediately after his election, in order to be crowned by the Elector of Mentz.

Though Frankfort is thought a fine town, and the effect produced by the whole is magnificent, yet there are no buildings, in particular, worthy of attention. However, all strangers visit the town-house, to see the chamber where the Emperor is elected, as well as the famous golden bull, which is kept there with the utmost care.

There is in this town a singular custom, whose origin is unknown. Two women appear every day, at noon, on the battlements of the principal steeple, and play some very solemn airs with trumpets. This music is accompanied by vocal psalmody, for which the people here have a violent taste: it is performed by four or five men, who always attend those female trumpeters.

Funerals are conducted with an uncommon degree of solemnity in this town; when any person in tolerable circumstances dies, a band of those sweet singers, men and boys, who have psalm-singing for their only profession, assemble in the streets before the house, and chant an hour every day to the corpse, till it is interred. The same band accompanies the funeral, singing hymns all the way.—A man clothed in a black cloak, and carrying a crucifix at the end of a large pole, heads the procession, whether the deceased has died a Roman catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist.—A great number of hired mourners in the same dress, and each with a lemon in his hand, march after him: — then come the

singers, followed by the corpse in a hearse; and lastly, the relations in mourning coaches.

There is a very considerable number of Calvinists in this place: they are excluded from any share in the government of the city; but generally thought the most industrious.

The number of Jews in Frankfort is prodigious; obliged to live altogether in a single street, built up at one end, and at the other there is a large gate, which is regularly shut at a certain hour of the night, after which no Jews dare appear in the streets. As this street is narrow, the children of Israel, never remarkable for cleanliness, but always noted for breeding, could not have been worse lodged in the land of Egypt.

They are permitted to choose a judge out of their own body, for deciding disputes amongst themselves.

They attack you in the town during the daytime, ply at the gate of your lodgings, and even glide into your apartment, offering to supply you with every commodity you can have occasion for. At the entrance of their street, they entreat your custom with the violence and vociferation of so many Thames watermen.

In their synagogue there is nothing magnificent, but much apparent zeal and fervour.

Society here is divided into noblesse and the bourgeois. For the nobility there is a public assembly once a week, at which they drink tea,

converse, and play at cards, from six to ten. The citizens, who connect themselves with strangers, have made their fortunes by commerce, which some of them still follow. Their noble neighbours insinuate, that they always retain a vulgarity of sentiments and manners, unknown to those whose blood has flowed pure through several generations, unmixed with that puddle which stagnates in the veins of plebeians; but no stranger observes that distinction.

STRASBOURG.

Its cathedral, a very fine Gothic building, never fails to attract the attention of strangers. We naturally feel a respect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms. That religious melancholy which large Gothic churches inspire is, however, considerably counteracted by certain satirical bas-reliefs, with which the pillars and cornices of this church of Strasbourg was originally ornamented. — The vices of monks are here exposed under the allegorical figures of hogs, asses, monkies, and foxes, which being dressed in monkish habits, perform the most venerable functions of religion. And for the edification of those who do not comprehend allegory, a monk, in the robes of his order,

is engraved on the pulpit in a most indecent posture, with a nun lying by him.

Upon the whole, the cathedral of Strasbourg is considered by some people as the most impious, and by others as the merriest Gothic church in Christendom.

The great clock, and its various movements, was an object of admiration, when first constructed, but is now beheld with indifference by modern artists.

From the steeple of this cathedral, reckoned one of the highest in Europe (being 574 feet), you see the extensive plains of Alsace, with the Rhine flowing through them.

Among the curiosities of the cathedral are two large bells, which they show to strangers. One is of brass, and weighs ten tons; the other of silver, which they say weighs above two.—They also show a large French horn, whose history is as follows:—About four hundred years ago, the Jews formed a conspiracy to betray the city, and with this identical horn they intended to give the enemy notice when to begin the attack. The plot, however, was discovered; many of the Jews were burnt alive; the rest were plundered of their money, and banished the town. This horn is sounded twice every night from the battlements of the steeple, in gratitude for the deliverance.

The Jews, it may be expected, deny every circumstance of this story; say it was fabricated

to furnish a pretext for murdering and pillaging their countrymen.

L'EMPEREUR.

L'EMPEREUR, pendant son voyage à Paris, ayant pris un fiacre pour se rendre au Luxembourg, le cocher qui le crut un simple particulier, lui temoigna beaucoup de joie d'avoir à faire cette course, attendu, dit-il, que l'empereur devoit venir s'y promener, & qu'il auroit un grand plaisir de le voir. Tout ce que je crains, continua t'il, c'est de ne pas arriver assèz tôt. Le soverain *incognito*, touché de l'empressement de ce cocher, lui fit éspérer que l'empereur n'arriveroit pas avant lui à la promenade. Rendu à la porte du Luxembourg, l'empereur donne au cocher du fiacre une piece de monnoie enveloppée dans du papier; & le cocher ayant overt le papier, trouva un double louis. Il courat aussitôt après l'inconnu, persuadé que c'étoit par mèprise qu'il lui avoit donné cette piece d'or. L'empereur fut touché d'une telle preuve de probité, & lui confirma son prèsent avec beaucoup de bonté; le cocher se prosterna, en s'écriant: *j'ai vu l'empereur.*

PLAINTIVE.

He is a stout, healthy man, of a robust complexion. But his mind is not so vigorous as his body. His chief, indeed his only care, is that of his health; and according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose: for he always declares himself to be in bad health, and nothing provokes him so much as hinting that he is in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he keeps much within doors, he is obliged sometimes, to have recourse to books as an amusement, and takes some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obstinate, or no adventure, however surprising, delights him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms are faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive, continually consults practitioners in physic of every denomination, though he never admits that any of them hath ever done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advise him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismisses as theorists, and men unacquainted with the common practice of medicine.

Mr. Plaintive is fond of telling long stories; he is generally the hero of his own tale; and

being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology, the incidents of the narrative are seldom entertaining.

His complaints, no doubt, are often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wishes his friend to imagine them. For though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it.

GENIUS.

CRUEL! to employ the heavenly light of genius, not to chear humanity with a ray pure and benignant as the star of the morning, but in spreading a blaze dangerous as the fires of the devious comet! It seems natural to imagine that the noble impulse of glory can never fail to be directed towards some congenial object, some elevated aim!—and what a transcendant privilege of genius to be hailed by distant ages, as one of the benefactors of mankind!—To have lived for those who are to live when we exist no longer!—To awaken in the breasts of remote posterity, the sublime energies of truth and virtue—to call forth the charms of the sympathetic

feelings—to excite the ardour of heroism—the glow of public affection.—But with the power of planting the germs of happiness in the human breast, to have infixed perhaps the agonies of remorse!—to have contributed to moral degradation—to be remembered by succeeding ages, but not esteemed—cited but not honoured!—Who can wish to wear for ever a sullied wreath, and obtain a niche in the temple of fame, at which only the impure offer incense!

RULING PASSION.

I WENT the other day with a French officer, to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject of his discourse, was the miserable situation of men who were under the dominion of their passions. —Do you wish for a sample of his discourse?—Here it is: "The wretch," cried the preacher, "who is under the government of his passions, has his mind, his very soul, in chains.—Is his passion lust?—He will sacrifice a faithful servant to gratify it; David did so.—Is it avarice? —He will betray his master—Judas did so.—Is he attached to a mistress?—he will murder a saint to please her—Herod did so."

As we returned from the church, the French officer, who had been for some time in a reverie, said, "Ma foi, cet homme parle avec beaucoup d'onction; je vais, profiter de son sermon."—

" Où est-ce-que vous allez ;" said I.—" Je m'en vais, chez Nanette me debarrasser de ma passion dominante."

It is reported that the supreme delight of Frederic the First, King of Prussia, through life, had been to see his troops exercise ; in his last illness, when he was uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men under arms, operated like a cordial, and revived his spirits.—His eyes became dim, he could no longer see the soldiers, and he expired. This was feeling the ruling passion strongly in death.

ENGLISH.

NOTHING contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate : but that will not explain the matter ; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life; that is, that they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissention, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

THOSE qualities are sometimes used as synonimous, although essentially different. pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with

praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

THE CONTENTED YOUNG INVALID.

We arrived about three in the morning at a most miserable hotel, without the gates of C——. Had we been ever so much disposed to complain of hardship or fatigue, every murmur would have been suppressed by the behaviour of a young dragoon, who jumped from behind our carriage as soon as it stopped. His arm was in a scarf; he had lost at the action near M——, his thumb and two of his fingers—he told us he

had been at Paris to solicit a small pension, to prevent him from starving; "because," added he, holding up his wounded hand, "with this single hand, I can neither fire a musket, nor work; the secretary of the minister, told me that I could not obtain a pension, without a recommendation from my colonel; I saw very well qu'il se f— de moi; for I knew that my colonel was with the army. I immediately determined to set out for it myself. The politeness of Monsieur le Courier, invited me to go behind your chaise, where I have set as happy as a king, for I always have been very fortunate."

This poor fellow, had a little dog in his arms, which he endeavoured to dry with the skirts of his coat. We lamented to see him quite drenched with rain. "It is nothing to me, citizen—I am used to it; but I fear my poor dog may be cold; come, come hither, poor fellow, and warm yourself;" continued the dragoon, caressing the dog: "my wife got this little dog when he was quite a puppy, and it will prove the most fortunate thing in the world, for I intend him as a present to my colonel, who is distractedly fond of dogs, and will, in return, give me a strong recommendation; but I have all my life been a very fortunate fellow."

"You say you have two children," said I— "yes, citizen," replied he, "and both by my wife."

" I do not understand how you could maintain your wife and two children on the pay of a dragoon."—" The truth is," answered he, " it was my wife who maintained me and the children. She used to get three livres ten sols for making a shirt; now there are no people of quality, she receives only forty sols. I do not complain, because I am a good patriot—however, I have always been very fortunate."

FIGHTING.

THERE seems to be some principle in nature which renders the sight of fighting highly interesting to the generality of mankind. In this country, the only mortal combats which are permitted, and prevail as a public amusement, are those of cocks; but the shocking scenes which were acted on the Roman amphitheatres, prove to what a height this taste for bloody spectacles may be brought in a whole nation. To behold men cut and mangle each other; to expose them to be torn in pieces fighting with wild beasts, became the favourite entertainment of that people, and increased to such a degree, that all other amusements became comparatively insipid; they remained whole days in the amphitheatre, feasting their eyes on these horrid scenes, from which the calls of business or duty, were often too feeble to draw them.

Were the Romans of a different nature from the rest of mankind? or, were the hearts of that people gradually hardened by the horrid policy of permitting such spectacles? Is it clear that those who take delight in viewing cocks mangle and kill each other, but think with horror of what passed on the Roman amphitheatres, would not gradually come to delight in the combats of gladiators, and of wild beasts, if such combats were permitted by the government and laws of the country? Mankind are essentially the same in all climates; the points on which they differ are few and trifling, when compared with those in which they agree. Britons are more humane than the Romans, because their government is better, their laws milder, and because the same scenes of cruely are not exhibited before their eyes. The Poet's observation respecting vice in general, is peculiarly true when applied to scenes of cruelty :—

> " Which to be hated, need but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*."

ENNUI.

Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is the use of intoxicating liquors: that pernicious habit blunts all de-

sire of improvement, deadens emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium, executed by spirituous liquors, which soon carries them to their graves.

LE PEUPLE,

In France, is a term of reproach—un homme du peuple, implies a want of both education and manners; un homme comme il faut, on the other hand, does not imply a man of sense or principle, but simply a man of birth or fashion; for a man may be homme comme il faut, and yet be devoid of every quality which adorns human nature.

LE ROI.*

An Englishman, though he views the virtues of his king, with a jealous eye, during his reign, yet he will do them all justice in the reign of his successor.

* We translate le Roi, by "the King," which is by no means equivalent. Le Roi does himself, and makes others do what he pleases. The king cannot do what he pleases, but acts according to the wishes of his people.

A German, while he is silent with respect to the foibles of his prince, admires all his talents, much more than he would the same qualities in another person.

A Turk or Persian, contemplates his emperor with reverence and fear, as a superior being, to whose pleasure it is his duty to submit as to the laws of nature, and the will of providence.

But a Frenchman, while he enumerates the follies of his king, and laughs at them, is nevertheless attached to him by a sentiment of equal respect and tenderness. Roi is a word which conveys to his mind the ideas of benevolence, gratitude, and love; as well as those of power, grandeur, and happiness.*

MISFORTUNE.

Difficulties, dangers, misfortunes, often strike at particles of genius which might otherwise have remained latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth, and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt.

* The Frenchman, which our author sketches, is that of 1779

I imagine the same analogy, holds in some degree, between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, and gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish, insensibility in that breast, which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

There are many exceptions, but in general those persons who are exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, are endued with the truest sympathy.

THE VALETUDINARIAN AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

How do you find my pulse, Doctor?

Upon my word, much better than could have been expected, after what you have told me.

How does my tongue appear?

Very clean, indeed.

Alas! what renders my cure so hopeless, is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of, and prescribe for?

I acknowledge, I should be much at a loss.

Though my whole system is deranged, yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, Doctor?

They really seem so.

What a pity it is, Doctor, that I never had the gout; that is a disease, I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure.

A fit of the gout, certainly does, sometimes, remove other complaints.

Cannot you, then, give me a fit directly?

Indeed, I cannot.

Your's seems to be a very unfortunate profession, Doctor; for, although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.

What you observe, is very true.

A good many of your profession, have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late.

A great many, Sir;—bye-and-bye, I suppose, no man will presume to practise medicine without it.

As in the days of chivalry, when no man could lawfully kill on the high-way, till he was dubbed a knight. But what do you intend, Doctor, to prescribe for my complaints; you must be sensible that there is no time to be lost?

True, Sir, I shall order you some restorative draughts: but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect, will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback, three or four hours every day before dinner.

You mean, when the weather is fine.

I mean in all weathers.

UPSTARTS.

ENGLAND, is perhaps, the only nation in Europe, where some individuals of every profession, even of the lowest, find it possible, to accumulate great fortunes; the effect of this, frequently is, that the son despises the profession of the father, commences gentleman, and dissipates, in a few years, what cost a life to gather. In the principal cities of Germany and Italy, we find, that the ancestors of many of those citizens, who are the most eminent in their particular businesses, have transmitted the art to them through several generations. It is natural to imagine, that this will lead to the improvement of the art or science, or profession, as well as the family fortune; and that the third generation, will acquire knowledge from the experience, as well as wealth from the industry of the former two; whereas, in the cases alluded to above, the wheel of fortune moves differently. A man, by assiduity, in a particular business, and by genius, may acquire great fortune, and a high reputation; the son, throws away the fortune and his character by extravagance; and the grandson, is obliged to recommence the business, unaided by the wealth or experience of his ancestors. This, however, is pointing out an evil, which any wise man should be sorry to see remedied; because, it certainly originates in the riches and prosperity of the country in which it exists.

INQUISITION.

THAT court is now greatly abridged in power, and on that account only, perhaps, less cruel than formerly.

Heretofore, the kings of Spain, seemed on some occasions, to have been subservient to the power of that tremendous tribunal, and the mere executioners of its vengeance. Now it is dwindled into an engine in the hands of the king.

The dreadful ceremony called *auto-da-fé*, now held in as much abhorrence by most of the Catholics, as by Protestants, was always attended by Philip the Second; and he exacted the same punctuality from his grandees and nobles of both sexes. This was assuredly, the greatest victory that superstition ever gained over humanity; or the greatest proof of the abject complaisance of courtiers to the vitiated taste of a king, that could be given. The deluded populace, in the mean time, poured execrations on the miserable victims, as they were led to execution, and seemed to take the same delight with the tyrant, in their agonies.

How strongly does this illustrate the danger of admitting power into the hands of the populace. This Philip, the most unrelenting tyrant that ever Spain knew, was not more cruel and unrelenting than the common people of Madrid.

It is probable, however, that the populace, as well as Philip, were prompted by another motive, besides their horrid taste for executions: they, by their acclamations, and by the curses they poured on the wretched victims leading to execution, paid slavish court to the tyrant, and the inquisitors; *he*, infinitely more absurd, imagined that he thus expiated his sins, and secured himself a distinguished place in Paradise.

But whatever gratification a gloomy-minded tyrant, or a brutal populace might derive from such spectacles as *auto-da-fés*, they might have revolted the feelings of the royal family, and their attendants in general. This was probably observed by the inquisitors, who, therefore, seem to have exacted it as a duty, or at least praised it as a merit, to be present at such dreadful ceremonies. How else can we account for the succeeding kings, with their families and many of the nobility, even attending on such occasions? Nothing, it seems, but the dread of being a victim, could ever induce a person of common humanity, to be a spectator of such hellish exhibitions.

The last very grand *auto-da-fé* that was exhibited at Madrid, was in the year 1680, of which a pompous account was afterwards published, with a list of the sufferers, and the sentence on each. This work is dedicated to Charles the Second, then King of Spain, who is styled the *pillar of the faith, captain-general of the militia*

of God; and highly praised for his fortitude, in remaining so long at this pious spectacle, notwithstanding the *heat of the weather;* "a constancy," it is added, "worthy of the admiration of future ages." In this work, which is warmly recommended to the perusal of all sincere Christians, a faithful list is also given of all the nobility, of both sexes, who were present, with as minute a description of their dresses, as appears in our news-papers after a birth-day, for the author observes, that, "in what regards so sacred a ceremony, every circumstance is of importance.

Notwithstanding the eloquence of this author, this ceremony has never been since performed in Spain with equal pomp, and seldom takes place at all. Yet, the court of inquisition, has not been entirely abolished; but is still held out *in terrorem*, especially against open impiety, and French principles. It would be well for inquisitors if their power had never been exercised for worse purposes.

FASHIONABLE GAMING-TABLE.

"I cannot conceive," said lady Aspice, to her partner, "what is the meaning of your holding such very bad cards."

The gentleman confessed, with every mark of contrition, "that his cards had been very bad."

"Bad!" rejoined she; "they were detestable, Sir!—I never saw any body hold such cards: I own, I do not understand it."

"Why, Madam," said he, "that my cards were bad, was my misfortune, as well as your ladyship's.

"That is nothing to the purpose," rejoined she.

"I really do not know what apology would satisfy you," resumed the gentleman, "but I may safely assure your ladyship, upon my honour, laying his hand on his breast, "that I had all the inclination in the world, to hold good cards."

"Sir," replied she, with a look of dignity, "I would not, willingly, call any gentleman's honour in question; but I cannot help remarking, that you had good hands, when you were her Grace's partner: it was not till you became mine, that you had bad cards. This, you will permit me to say, seems to be a little unaccountable."

"However unaccountable it may seem, I think I can explain it," said the Dutchess, interfering. "The gentleman's having held honours when he was my partner, and not when he was your's, may have proceeded from my being at present in a run of good luck."

"That will account for it, unquestionably; but I wish your grace had been so good as to have informed me of it a little sooner."

" Why, truly, I only began to suspect it myself after I had won the second rubber; and I was not absolutely certain, until after I had won the third."

SQUANDER

Was distinguished by spending more money with less enjoyment than any English traveller in Italy. Without any knowledge of horses, or any love for the animal, he kept a stable of English horses. His incitement to this was his having heard a certain peer who had a violent passion for the turf, mentioned with admiration for having established a horse-race in the English style. Mr. Squander matched one of his horses with one of his lordship's, and had the renown of losing a greater sum than ever was lost at a horse-race at Naples; what rendered this the more memorable though the less surprising was, that he rode himself. He gave frequent entertainments, to which he invited his own countrymen only; they generally ended in drunkenness, noise, and riot. He bought pictures, statues, and seals, because they were highly praised by the venders; and afterwards gave them away in presents, because they were despised by the rest of the world. Without any inclination for gaming, this young man was ready on the slightest invitation to join any party at deep play. As he

was devoid of skill, and played without attention, he generally lost the most, and sometimes was the only person who lost at all.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

"NOTHING depends more on whim, or is more uncertain than the pretended art of physiognomy;"

"Yet, Madam, it never fails to have some influence on your opinion."

"It ought not. It may mislead us greatly. You ought, my dear, to beware of imagining that vice is connected with deformity, and virtue with external beauty. Candour and charity ought to prevent our suspecting any person of being bad, till we have reason to believe so from their conduct."

SURGEON.

"YOU do not think this poor gentleman in danger?" said Mad. ——.

"A person of your ladyship's excellent understanding must know," replied the Surgeon, "that gun-shot wounds are attended with danger."

"This is only a pistol-shot wound."

"Very judiciously observed; that certainly makes a difference; it happens unluckily, how-

ever, that even pistol-shot wounds prove sometimes mortal."

"The bullet, I understand, passed through his arm only."

"Had it passed through his heart *also*, it would have been more dangerous, to be sure," said the Surgeon.

"You have extracted the ball?"

"I have, Madam; and quite in the manner recommended by Mons. Lewis at Paris; it is by much the safest."

"It must have been very painful."

"Painful! not in the least, Madam! I performed it with the greatest ease."

"I mean, Sir, painful to the patient."

"To the *patient*; Oho! your ladyship spoke of the patient. Why, yes, a good deal, perhaps. —I have seen many suffer more.—There is no knowing;" said the Surgeon carelessly.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"I FEAR that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you," said the Physician.

"I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions," said the Portuguese, "but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour, that it should be otherwise; could

could you be surprised if *it* were as you suspect."

"Nor shall I be surprised," rejoined the Doctor; "if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian Religion.

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the Physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian Religion!" cried the Portuguese in terror and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horror! Why! Sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James, and all the hosts of heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have always from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend," resumed the Physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the *spirit* of the Christian Religion half as well as you believe what the church exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance

faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your Pater-Noster, Ave-Maria, and Credo to the least bead of the Rosary; that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian Religion have any thing to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villain who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to *injure you*, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The Physician, founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a Physician who sometimes read the bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious, he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was who had preached this ser-

mon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound Christianity.

LETTER

Of a Travelling Groom, giving an account of Paris and of the French.

A MONSEER

Monseer BENJAMIN JACKSON, *che le Count de* ————.

ENGLITERR, ————*shire.*

HAVING received your's per course, this serves to let you know that I am well and hearty.

Since you and your sister Bess desire it, I shall now write to you about the description of this here town and country. In my own private opinion, Paris is but a tiresome town to live in, for there is none of the common necessaries of life, as porter or good ale; and as for their beef, they boil it to rags. Wine to be sure is cheaper here, but not so strong and genuine as in London.

I have been at the French King's palace, which they call Versailles in their language; it is out of town, the same as Kew or Windsor is with our King: I went first and foremost to see the stables, which, to be sure, is very grand, and there they have some very good-looking horses, especially English hunters: it grieved me to see

so many of our own best subjects in the service of our lawful enemy, which, to be sure, the French king is.

We little think how many of our fellow-creatures are seduced from England to distant countries, and exposed to the worst of usage, from both the French and the Spaniards; for none of them know how an English horse ought to be treated.

When I was at Versailles, I saw the dauphiness, which is all the same as the Prince of Wales's wife with us; she is one of the prettiest women I have seen in France, being very fair and blooming; and more like an Englishwoman than a French.

She rides like the ladies in England, with both her legs on the same side of the horse; whereas I have seen many women, since I came abroad, ride on horse-back like men, which I think a bad contrivance, and I am surprised their husbands permit it.

I have seen the French horse-guards, which they call jongdarmes; the men are smart-looking young fellows enough, but the horse are poor, washy things, in comparison of our dragoons.

The Swiss guards are stout men, clothed in scarlet, the same as our soldiers; but they have moustaches on their lips, like the rat-catcher in St. Giles's.

The French foot-guards, are dressed in blue, and all the marching regiments in white, which has a very foolish appearance for soldiers; and

as for blue regimentals, it is only fit for the blue horse, or the artillery.

I believe the French army would have no great chance with our troops, in a fair battle, upon plain ground. It is lucky for the Mounseers, that there is no road betwen Dover and Calais; but, as it is, I wonder the king does not send some regiments by sea to take Paris,* which would make no great resistance; for there is no walls round the town.

I have sent unto you, by the bearer, a pappy mashee tobacco-box, and a dozen pair of gloves, for your sister, who will also deliver to you this letter, which I have taken three days in writing, to oblige you and your sister; and I durst not write by the post, for if the French found this letter, they would take me up for a spy, and shut me up in the Bastile, during my life; and in England, I am told, all foreign letters are opened by the ministry, in which case, this might bring you into trouble, because of the box and gloves, which being counterband, against the act of Parliament, the king would be enraged if he knew of such a thing, which stands to reason, all smuggled goods being so much money out of his pocket.—All from, Dear Ben, with my kind love to your sister,

Your servant to command,

TH— D——.

* Such was once the lucid idea of our present minister, Lord Hawkesbury. Perhaps he derived his information from Dr. Moore's travelling groom.

" Jesus Maria!" cried the priest; " if you think your patient cannot live longer, than about two, or at most three days; it is, Sir, your indispensible duty to tell him so."

" There is no cause, Father, for being in a heat," said the Italian surgeon, bowing; " but I cannot think it consistent with *politeness*, to tell a gentleman a disagreeable and unnecessary truth on *any* occasion. In France, such a thing would be considered quite unpardonable."

" How it would be considered in France, is very little to the purpose," said the monk; " the important point is, how it will be considered in the other world, where the manner of thinking is very different from what it is in France."

" That is saying a severer thing of the other world than I should have expected from a man of your cloth," said the surgeon."

" Will you, or will you not go directly, and acquaint your patient of his danger?" said the monk.

" You cannot possibly imagine, my good father," replied the surgeon, " that I will behave so *unpolitely* to a gentleman, especially when he is on the point of leaving the world."

" Why, Sir," rejoined the father, warmly; " by concealing his danger from him, he may die without confession, and his soul, of course, will be lost for ever."

"As for his soul, and whether it shall be lost or saved, that is his affair, or your's, if you please, my good father; but it is mine not to deviate from the laws of *good-breeding* and *politeness*." So saying, with a low bow, he stepped into his carriage.

FILIAL PIETY.

I HAVE known, a Scotch servant, who, being young, thoughtless, and of a canty turn of mind, lived for some time, out of place very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasuring, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate all the money, he had received from his last master, would soon have been *cast to the cocks:* but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew; he shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond. And when other servants pressed him very much, saying, "you used to be as fond of mirth and good wine as your neighbours;" Andrew shook his head, and replied, "if I drink wine, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day, he

called on me with *ten pounds* he had amassed, which he desired me to pay to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit the value to his mother.

MOUNTAINEERS.

" O, Sir," said a valet to his master; " I have something to tell you, which I am sure will do your heart good; the Genevese gentleman, you know, Mr. Bertrand, has at last found, and realised, and obtained, the liberty of his old servant, poor Antonio, who having been presumed *guilty*, had been condemned to hard labour at Caserta.—I really do imagine, Sir, that there is something in the air of mountainous countries, exceedingly favourable to kindness of heart.—I have heard several travellers declare, that they had met with more hospitality in a short tour in the highlands of Scotland, than in their journies over all Flanders, and the low countries, although the last are as full of populous towns, as the former is of mountains."

" This Bertrand, is a citizen of Geneva, whose territories are not mountainous;" said the master, smiling.

" Your honour, will be pleased to remember," replied the valet, " that Geneva is situated by a fine lake, just as the village of Buchanan is by Loch Lomond; and there are mountains at no great distance from both."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Two Scotch valets, travelling over Italy, in the absence of their master, had dined together upon hotch-potch and minched collops. After dinner, as neither was an enemy to the bottle, they pushed it pretty briskly between them, and the conversation became more and more animated every moment; while they talked of absent friends, the days of former years, the warlike renown of Scotland, and the romantic beauties of the country, they were in perfect unison; but with all the prejudices, which those two Caledonians had in common, there were some articles in which they differed diametrically. T—— being a stripling of fifteen or sixteen years of age, had accompanied his master, a Scotch nobleman, who had taken a part in the rebellion of 1745 *; and had continued inseparably attached to his lordship, after the battle of Culloden, during a considerable time, in which they skulked among the most remote parts of the highlands.—B——, was born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, the descendants of the ancient Covenanters, who suffered so much oppression and religious persecution, by the absurd policy of the ministers of Charles the Second, and his brother James, which is still remembered with horror in that part of Scotland. As B——'s political sentiments were so different from those of T——, it would have been fortunate, (as the following anecdote will prove it), if the two friends had kept clear of any discourse on such subjects :—*

"Mary Queen of Scots," said T——, "was the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever set on a throne."

"I have nothing to say, either against her beauty or her accomplishments," replied B——; "but surely, Mr. T——, you must acknowledge that she was a ——?"

"Have a care what you say, Sir!" interrupted T—— "I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches, to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen."

"No man that ever wore either breeches or filibeg*" replied B——, "shall prevent me from speaking the truth, when I see occasion."

"Speak as much truth as you please, Sir," rejoined T——; "but I declare, that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess, in my presence, while I can wield a claymore." †

"If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a papist," said B——.

"Well, Sir," cried T——, "What then? She was like other people of the religion in which she was bred."

"I do not know where *you* may have been bred, Mr. T——," said B——; "for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship

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* A part of the Highland dress, which serves instead of breeches.

† The Highland broad-sword.

of the scarlet whore, yourself. I should be glad to have that point cleared up before we proceed farther."

"I cannot say, that I understand your drift, Sir," replied T——; "but I am an adherent neither of a scarlet whore, nor of whores of any other colour."

"If that is the case," said B——, "you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots; for I will tell you in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary, was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband."

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than T—— flew at him like a tiger; and they were separated with difficulty.

"I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland," cried T——.

"As for retracting what I have said," replied B——, "that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that. So name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning."

"Why, now, directly!" cried T——; "there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us."

"I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but, since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword, and be with you directly," said B——.

B—— soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden.

" Are you ready, Sir?" cried T——.

" That I am.—Come on, Sir," said B——, " and the Lord be with the righteous."

" Amen!" cried T——,and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blow with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time; at length T—— making a feint at B——'s head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

" I hope you are now sensible of your error," said T——, dropping his point.

" I am of the same opinion I was," cried B—; so keep your guard." So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon T——; who after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. B——, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat; but this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing in profusion into his eye, he could no longer see distinctly; T—— closing with him, became soon master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; standing over him he said, " this may convince you, Mr. B——, that your's is not the righteous cause; you are in my power; but I will act as the Queen, whose character I defend, would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent

of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate Princess."

He then assisted B—— to rise; and carried him to his chamber.

"I must acknowledge, then," said B——, "that you behave like a Gentleman. Though I am a Whig, and you a Tory, I hope we are both honest men. As you have behaved generously when my life was in your power, I have no scruple in saying, that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom you have an esteem."

"Mary Queen of Scots acquired the esteem of her very enemies," said T——; "the elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy."

"She is now in the hands of a Judge," said B——, "who can never be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud."

"She is so, Mr. B——," replied T——, "and her rivals and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge."

"We had best leave them all to his justice and mercy then, and say no more on the subject," said B——; "for if Queen Mary's conduct upon earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded."

"One thing more I will say," rejoined T——; "and that is only to ask of you, whether it is probable that a woman, whose conscience was loaded with the crimes imputed to her, could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?"

"I always admired that last awful scene," said B——, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; "and I will freely acknowledge, that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the Queen of Scotland; she supported the dignity of a Queen, while she displayed the meekness of a Christian."

"I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us," said T—— affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation.

Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

LOMBARD-STREET.

A Citizen of London who, in an unlucky whim, had retired into the Country, soon after expressed his regret in the following terms:—

. . . . . THEY talk of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been

persuaded to leave the labour of the city for such woeful pleasures. O Lombard-street! Lombard-street! In evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes, and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of London? What landscape more flowery than those in the print-shops? And what water was made by man equal to the Thames? If here I venture to walk but a short way beyond my own fields, I may be wet through by a sudden shower, and exposed to the wind of every quarter, before I get under shelter; but in walking through the streets of London, if it rains a man can shelter himself under the piazzas; if the wind is in his face while he walks along one street, he may turn into another; if he is hungry, he can be refreshed at the pastry shops; if tired, he can call a hackney coach; and he is sure of meeting with entertainment every evening at the club.

FIGHTING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

"Do you not think fighting for your King, is fighting for your Country?"

"Very often it is just the reverse; fighting for a bad King, I consider as fighting against my Country."

"Yet, you must acknowledge that Kings reign by the appointment of God; and therefore

it seems a very daring thing in a man to attempt to dethrone them."

"The pestilence is by the appointment of God, yet we use every means in our power to drive it out of the land."

THE LAND OF CAKES.

B—— filled a bumper, and gave for his toast, *The Land of Cakes.*

T—— drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying, "May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish that I shall ever wish to that land."

"It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in," replied B—; "it was fast improving when I left it; and I have been credibly informed, that it is now a *perfect garden.*"

"I am very happy to hear it," said T——.

"Indeed," added B—, "it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union."

"Damn the Union!" cried T——; "it would have improved much faster without it."

"I am not quite clear on that point, Mr. T——," said B——.

"Depend upon it," replied T——, "the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made."

" I shall admit," said B——, " that she might have made a better;—but bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it."

" All the advantages are on the side of England."

" What do you think, Sir," said B——, " of the increase of trade since the Union; and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?"

" Think!—why I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland."

" How so, my good friend?"

" By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured by serjeant Lewis Macniel, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders in some parts of Scotland are now very little better than so many English."

" O fye!" cried B——, " things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr. T——; your friend the serjeant assuredly exaggerates."

" I hope he does," replied T——; " but you must acknowledge," continued he, " that by the Union Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England: only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army—the English fleet—the English

every thing; they never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under Government; we are then told with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, what happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland: but if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged in one year, no remark is made.

ITALIAN GEOGRAPHERS.

"FATHER, perhaps you never were at Paris?"

"Never in my whole life," answered father Mulo."

"Nor at Moscow, neither," added the Surgeon.

"No, never, though I have heard a good deal about Muscovy, particularly of late; some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion? which do you believe to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy?" said father Mulo.

"Why I should think Naples the most populous," answered the Surgeon, "though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground."

"I had some suspicion of that kind myself," replied father Mulo.

LAUDABLE REASONS FOR GOING INTO HOLY ORDERS.

"I am sensible, my Lord, that my circumstances are so narrow, that I cannot hope to indulge my taste for my favourite amusements in the style I could wish, without being assisted by the emoluments of some profession."

"What profession then would you choose to be of?" rejoined his Lordship.

"That of a clergyman," replied Mr. S——.

"A clergyman!" exclaimed the Peer.

"Yes, my Lord," continued S——; "I confess I have a great desire to enter into holy orders.

"I cannot conceive," said the Peer, "what can be your inducement."

"My fondness for hunting and shooting," answered S——; "and, if by your Lordship's favour, I could obtain a tolerable living in a hunting country, I should think myself extremely happy. The business of a clergyman, as your Lordship knows, from many examples, is no way incompatible with a passion for those manly amusements, without which I am sure life would seem a very dull affair in my eyes."

"But there are certain duties of a clergyman," said the Peer, "which, in some people's eyes, are not exceedingly entertaining."

"I should think them no great hardships, my Lord," said S——: "in case of the indisposi-

tion of my Curate, on particular occasions, I have no manner of objection to reading prayers or to preaching! and on the whole, I do not despair of rendering myself agreeable to the generality of my flock; for, with regard to comforting the sick and relieving the poor, I thank heaven I am disposed to perform those duties whether I should ever be a clergyman or not."

"All this is very well," resumed the Peer; "but, my dear S——, are not some previous studies necessary before you can be—"

"Certainly," replied the other, interrupting his Lordship; "and I have of late been preparing myself accordingly. I confess I was too inattentive at school, which renders this task the harder upon me; yet I hope to surmount all obstacles, and give satisfaction to the Bishop. My passion for hunting and shooting instigates me to exertions in study which I never knew before.

"Nay, heaven forefend," replied the Peer, smiling, "that I should attempt to blunt such laudable instigation. All I have to say is, that when you are once fairly ordained, I beg you will let me know: there is some chance of a considerable living, which is in my gift, being vacant very soon, and you may rely upon it, my dear S——, that if you continue in your present way of thinking, and are completely dubbed, that I will prefer no man to yourself."

CONSULTATION.

Scene—Naples.

" This wound is nothing," said the Doctor.

" We must try to make *something* of it, however," replied the Surgeon.

" It will heal of itself directly," resumed the Doctor.

" It must, therefore, not be left to itself," said the Surgeon.

" What farther do you intend?" said the Physician; " little more seems necessary, except applying some fresh lint every day."

" *Lascia far' a Marc Antonio*," replied the Surgeon, " I will take care that his Excellency shall not be exposed to danger on the high road for at least a month to come."

" Unless it be to prescribe some cooling physic; and such a low regimen as will prevent his suffering from want of exercise, I can do nothing," said the Physician."

" That is doing a great deal," said the Surgeon; " it keeps the patient in low spirits, and renders him obedient."

" But, after all, how do you intend totreat the wound itself?" said the Physician.

" I intend to treat it *secundum artem*," replied the Surgeon.

" *Bene, bene respondisti*," said the Physician; " and so much for the wound. Now, pray, what say you to the news?" continued the Phy-

sician; "they talk of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean."

"Whether that will take place or not," said the Surgeon, depends entirely on the King's pleasure."

"How so?" said the Physician; how can his Majesty prevent it?"

"By threatening to sink them if they presumed to enter the streights," replied the Surgeon. "The Toulon fleet will be sufficient."

"Toulon fleet!" cried the Physician; "why, what King do you mean?"

"Why, the King of France, to be sure," he replied; "what other King *can* I mean?"

"*Vi prego di scusarmi,* signor," cried the Physician; "but in speaking of the King *in* Naples, I thought the King of Naples, might perhaps be meant."

"*A fe di dia*, signor," replied the Surgeon; "*non m'e venuto mai in pensiero;* but I believe," added he, looking at his watch, "our consultation has lasted a decent time."

The Physician being of the same opinion, they returned to the patient's chamber.

STRONG REASONS AGAINST MARRIAGE.

"Well, Sir, do you ever intend to marry?"

"No, I cannot say I do;—as I never was *accustomed to a wife,* I am not much inclined to

matrimony; for through the whole course of my life I have never found any thing agree with me but what I am accustomed to."

LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

I MUST begin by informing you, dear Miss, that I was sorry my good friend, your aunt, consented to your going to London, to live with a lady of quality; because, it is an old observation, and a true one, that young women are prone to imitate the manners of those they live with; and the manners of women of quality and high birth, are not suitable to modest young women of respectable parentage. This only applied of the risk you ran from the contagion of lady D——'s example, and that of her acquaintance. I confess, I did not think of her son. I hear that he frequents your company to such a degree that his mother is offended, and has written to your aunt, to desire you to return to York, which you have refused. My correspondent adds, that you sometimes drive about in my lord's carriage, that he himself saw you in his company at the play-house, richly dressed, and with a miniature picture set in diamonds, hanging from your neck; that your whole manner, and even the style of your language, is quite changed; that instead of being obsequious and obliging, as you were formerly, you

now assume a proud and disdainful air. Those, and other circumstances that I omit, create suspicion that he wishes to rob you of the precious jewel of your virgin innocence; after which all the jewels he can decorate you with, will be badges of dishonour. O, my dear Miss, let this never be said of you. Give him back all his jewels, and whatever presents he may have made you. Return immediately to your aunt, at York, which, I hope, will put an end to the unfavourable rumours that are in circulation concerning you. Or, in case it should not entirely have that effect (for it must be acknowledged that a good name once lost is not easily regained), still it will show that, although you have been imprudent, you are resolved to be so no more.

I earnestly intreat you, that you will send lord D—— back evey present he has ever made you, and set out directly after to your afflicted aunt. As soon as you shall have arrived there, let me know, and I will endeavour to wait on you at York.

I am, dear Miss A——,

Your constant well-wisher and humble servant,

D. P.

ANSWER.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have received many epistolary letters from gentlemen, during the short time I

have hitherto been in this world, yet I cannot but observe, that I have the honour to acknowledge, that that which my footman has just delivered to me from you, is the most extraordinary, or, I may presume to add, the most unprecedented, I ever saw in the whole course of my existence.

You really seem to be what Mr. Townly calls rusticated; which, perhaps may be imputed to your living continually in the country: but that is no reason for your not writing with common politeness, which I heard Lady Varnish observe, is one of the things which render the intercourse between the sexes in society so agreeable, and the want of which make all your great loyalty to his majesty, very much to be doubted; for in a book upon polite conversation, by Mr. Simon Wagstaff, Esq. which I was reading, when the French friseur, was dressing my hair, I find these lines,—

"Who in his talk, can't speak a polite thing,
"Will never loyal be to George, our king,"

I recommend the perusal of that book to you, in order to purify a little your style of language, particularly when you write to the fair sex. But whether you take my counsel in this or not, allow me to tell you, Sir, that you have no right to employ a spy on my conduct, which neither you, nor your narrow-minded correspondents are proper judges of. It is very true, Sir, that I have a friendship for my Lord D—— ; and if

he has the same delicate, sincere friendship for me, which he swears he has, and that it will be eternal, what right have you, or any one else, to find the least fault with it.

You seem, Sir, to have no notion of pure refinement between man and woman, which makes you write as you do of his robbing me of my precious jewel and virgin innocence, and such-like vulgar stuff as never once entered my head: and it is quite monstrous that it should enter your's, at an age, when, by your own confession, you are unfit for marriage.

As for lady D——'s being offended, that gives me little concern; perhaps, she may have reason to repent the airs she has given herself. She ought to remember, that she was no better than a plain Miss, as well as myself.

Before I conclude, I must inform you, that I desire no more of your admonitions, which I found so nauseous, that I threw them into the only place fit for them. If I had shewn your letter to my lord D——, he would, perhaps, have given you a lesson that would have made you write with proper respect to your superiors, and taught you, old as you are, better manners in future.—No more at present, being, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M. A.

SEDUCTION.

WHO can believe in the seduction of married women?—In what language can a man mention his passion to a woman he cannot marry. Let him vary the expressions as much as he pleases, she must know that what he solicits would infallibly lower her in the estimation of the world, and probably render her unhappy for life.

How then could he make a proposal of this nature to any woman, who had not, by her manner, her looks, a thousand little manœuvres, or in some part of her conduct, betrayed a disposition to grant it. Fools and coxcombs, may do it every day; but, no man of sense, though devoid of principle, will risk it to a woman whose uniform conduct announces her to be virtuous.

The same holds when a *married* man talks love to an unmarried woman.—If she is not a child, or an ideot, she must know that he cannot mean an honourable love; she must know what he really means: and she who allows herself to be led, though by a circuitous path, to the point she has in her eye, cannot be said to be seduced; unless it is thought that a woman may be seduced without being deceived.

There are some men renowned for gallantry, and considered as powerful seducers, who, while they imagined they were triumphantly *seducing*, found themselves miserably *seduced*.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

His name was originally Don Manuel Godoi, the son of an Hidalgo, of Badejos, in Estramadura, of an ancient family, in very narrow circumstances: he was educated as people in his situation usually are in the provinces of Spain: and when he arrived at the proper age, entered as a private soldier in the company of life-guards, where he served for several years until he had the good fortune to be distinguished by royal penetration, and raised to supreme favour. He is a man of address, and rather of genteel manners: he has endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education by study. He was disposed to encourage science, and give protection to men of letters. He always shewed a partiality for the English, and a desire to prevent a rupture between Spain and Great-Britain.

HIGH-TREASON.

I was called on one morning by a person who has a considerable property in the country, but whom I knew to be wonderfully weak and hot-headed.

He told me, as soon as he could articulate, (for when he entered he was out of breath),

" that a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, had committed high-treason."

" High-treason !—How ?"

" By speaking disrespectfully of his majesty, and other branches of the royal family," he answered,

I could not believe that the man had been guilty of a thing so revolting.

He said, " he could not have believed it himself, if he had not received it from those who knew it by ocular demonstration, having heard with their *own ears*, the very words which the farmer had pronounced."

I desired him to repeat the expressions.

He said, the expressions were :—" that the king was not a Christian monarch ; and that their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence, ought not to be trusted."

Though I thought this a most unlikely story, I determined to make a careful investigation. The fact turned out to be this ; the farmer, with others, had been drinking at a public-house. One of the company had said—he hoped there would be soon peace all over Europe : to which the farmer answered—that no Christian monarch would offer to make peace with such infidels as the French. The former, had rejoined, that some crowned heads had already shewn a disposition towards peace. On which the farmer

said—" That we ought not to put our trust in princes."

This conversation, had been repeated to the person who brought the information in the presence of an attorney of the village, who remarked that the farmer's discourse was treasonable.

When the investigation was completed—" Now," said my informer, " are you not convinced, that those expressions, respecting his majesty, amount to high-treason ?"

I told him—" that I did not think they amounted to quite so much, because the original author of that caution against our putting trust in princes, was a king himself."

The man seemed a good deal startled at this.

He declared, " that he was entirely ignorant of that circumstance."

" He not only was a king," said I, " but he had a numerous family of sons, and all his sons were princes; so that it was not probable, that he had any wish to calumniate either princes or kings; particularly his present majesty, King George the Third, who, though he differed in some respects, from King David, yet was, in common with him, a great king, and the father of princes.

This representation seemed to have great influence on the mind of my informer.

After I had praised his zeal and loyalty, he took his leave: but returned before he had got

five steps from the door, to put me in mind to admonish the farmer to be more guarded in his language in future.

THE BISCAYAN.

WHILE I was talking with a gentleman, who was a native of Biscay, a Castilian joined us.

"It is natural," said he, with features which expressed shrewdness, and an ironical cast, "that the natives of the land of liberty, should associate."

"He means," said the Biscayan to me, "as a joke against the peculiar fondness which my countrymen have ever shewn for liberty; but I receive it as a panegyric, because I know it to be a truth."

"I should imagine," said I, "that the king of Biscay and the king of Castile, would be inclined to render the inhabitants of each equally happy."

"King of Biscay!" said the Biscayan, with a tone of indignation; "let me inform you, Sir, that Biscay never had a king, and I hope never will. The Biscayans love and respect the king of Castile, of Leon, and Arragon, &c. &c. as much as the inhabitants of any of his kingdoms; but he is not *king*, he is only *senor* of Biscaia."

" I should not think that the name could make any very essential difference," said he.

" We Biscayans are a free people," said he.

" So are we English," added I.

" But we are governed by our own laws," said the Biscayan.

" So you might be," resumed I, " although you had styled the *senor* of Biscay a king. You seem to annex no idea but that of tyrant to the word king. We all know a nation, over which, under the name of Republic, the most insulting and cruel despotism has been exercised. The name of government, therefore, may be changed, and the essence remain the same."

" As for us," resumed the Biscayan, " we have not found it necessary to alter either the name or nature of our government. The king of Spain is senor of Biscay, and the Biscayans are governed by their own laws; we contribute to the exigencies of the empire by assessments, imposed at the general convention of the states, by representatives sent from the different cities and districts. We have no custom-house, nor excise officers."

" The women of your country have a particular aversion to them, as I have heard," said the Castilian, " and treated some, who were sent a few years ago, with uncommon severity." *

* The Castilian here alludes to certain revenue officers, sent by order of the court into Biscay, and said to have

" Whether the story, to which you allude, be true or false," replied the Biscayan, " I cannot tell; but I am not displeased that it should be believed, because it may prevent projectors from advising his Majesty to attempt levying taxes in Biscay, contrary to the laws and constitution of that province.

" That the king of Spain," said I, " who is naturally just, will never have it in his inclination to overturn your rights, ought not to be disputed; nevertheless it will be wise in your countrymen to take care that it shall never be in his power."

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

His mind was more frivolous than atrocious. He gained more from habit than avarice. The crimes as well as the follies of his life, proceeded from the suggestion or impulse of others, rather than his own natural disposition.

His education had been entirely neglected. What knowledge he possessed was caught in conversation, yet such was his natural quickness, that he often displayed an acuteness of observation, and a pleasantry in recounting that ap-

been attacked by the women of Bilboa, and to have undergone an operation seldom performed in the western world, though common in the east.

proaches to wit. On this account he was told by his flatterers, that he resembled in character his ancestor the Regent, who, with all his profligacy was indisputably a man of wit.

Though the Duke of Orleans talked with plausibility, he had no fixed opinions; so that after supporting a particular argument one day, it was not unusual to hear him speak next day in the opposite sense with equal plausibility. He never had the least taste for reading of any kind; the most amusing or interesting narrative could not allure him to take this trouble. Though he passed his life in debauchery, he had no patience to peruse even those licentious books where such scenes are described. He was as devoid of ambition as of taste, but was seduced into political intrigue by the ambition of Mirabeau and La Clos; falling afterwards into the Government of men of more atrocious characters, he was driven to measures of cruelty by terror.

He died with a degree of firmness far superior to what he had ever displayed in the course of his life. Those who conducted him to execution made the cart stop before the gate of his own palace, the scene of his former magnificence and pleasure. This was done, no doubt, from a refinement of cruelty. He did not affect to turn his eyes away, but looked up to it without any symptom of sorrow or emotion: he seemed no ways affected by the shouts and insults of the most brutal of all mobs; he retained the same

air of indifference the whole way to the place of execution, and submitted to the executioner without a complaint or a sigh.

The Duke of Orleans well deserved his fate, on account of his crimes against his sovereign and his country, but not from the men who had driven him to those crimes, and whose power was in a great measure the purchase of his money. The justice which was that day executed on him was, in those who brought him to the scaffold, the height of injustice and villany.

The worthless life of the Duke of Orleans may lead us to this useful reflection; and show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition, or any great stimulus to evil, may be gradually led, from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

To give France the name of a Republic is soon done: to communicate to Frenchmen the character suitable to Republicans will be found more difficult! One grand objection stated by them against monarchy is, that the Sovereign may be an infant, and of course kept under tutelage. They have also found, that converting the monarchy into a Republic, though it for a short time pleased the vanity, never relieved the mi-

sery of the people of France itself; yet it has proved a fruitful source of misery to other nations.

The French revolution is a convulsive disorder, which some people imagined might have been useful to France, by removing other complaints to which her constitution was liable; but being of a contagious nature, there was danger of its infecting nations who stood in no need of so violent a remedy: it might therefore have been prudent to have formed a line of circumvallation around France, like what is drawn around towns infected with the plague, and so have cut off all intercourse with the people of that country, leaving them to find a remedy for their own disorders as they best could, and never to have opened the communication until the convulsions were cured, and the danger of infection at an end.

If, however the French broke over the line by force, as many assert, or if other nations interfered with the sole view of curing the disorders of France, as they themselves declared, the interference must be acknowledged to have been necessary in the first case, and most generous in the second.

MARRIAGE FOR GOD'S SAKE.

"DID you marry your wife for her fortune?" said ironically a gentleman to the husband of a rich lady with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face.

"Certainly not," answered he,

"Was it for the sake of her beauty?"

"No; I cannot say it was," replied the husband.

"Did you marry her for the sake of her temper?"

"Not in the least."

"In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?"

"I married her for God's sake," answered the husband with resignation.

POWER AND LIBERTY.

I AM now convinced that power in Republics, as well as in monarchies has a tendency to be oppressive; and that liberty as well as in monarchies as in republics has a tendency to be turbulent: power and liberty therefore, are seldom on good terms in either. I do not recollect any instance of their being combined, and limited so as to produce the general happiness of the people, in any republic, nor in any monarchy,

except that of great Britain, since the revolution in that country in the year 1688.

IDEAS NOT INNATE.

A YOUNG Oxonian (who had an insuperable aversion for opening a book, because he had been obliged to read so much at school) was assured by his tutor at Oxford, "that our most refined pleasure, and the most permanent happiness of life proceeded from our Ideas; but that they were not innate."

"I am sorry for it," replied the young Oxonian; "for it they had, we should not be put to the trouble of reading for them."

KINGLY DIVINITY.

AT one period of time it was in some measure believed, that a peculiar air of majesty always accompanied the actions and sacred persons of kings, which, independent of guards and ermine, imposed sentiments of respect, and distinguished them from the general race of mankind. Some people have imagined that this supposed air of majesty is the *divinity* to which Shakespeare alludes in the following verses:

> Such a divinity does hedge in Kings,
> That treason doth but peep to what it would.

But from his putting the observation in the mouth of so worthless a character as the usurper of the throne of Denmark, it is more probable that he meant to expose the folly of such an idea.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

FRANCE, has been renowned for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

ALMOST the only thing which pleased me, during my residence at Paris, was the eloquence of Vergniaud. In one of his speeches, he made

the following observation, which the subsequent events of the revolution, have often recalled to my remembrance.*—"Vous vaincrez vos ennemis " je le crois; mais la nation fatiguée des dis- " sensions, mais la France, épuisée par les " èfforts faits pour vaincre ses énnemis éxte- " rieurs, déchirée par les factions, seza encore " epuisée par les hommes, par l'argent qu'il " aura fallu tirer de son sèin, & craignez " qu'elle ne resemble à ces antiques monuments " qu'on retrouve en Egypte. L'étranger qui " les appercoit, s'etorne de leuer grandeur; " s'il y pénètre, qu'y trouve-t-il ?—Des cendres " inanimees, & le silence des tombeaux."

A PLEA FOR PAINTING.

I REMEMBER being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed, "that it was a pity she painted."

"I am of a different opinion," replied another gentleman, present.

"To me," rejoined the first, "she seemed frightful with her paint."

* You say, you will conquer your enemies; I am convinced you will—but France, exhausted, by her efforts to conquer external enemies, torn by internal factions, and drained at once of men and money, must be brought to ruin: fear then, that she may be like those ancient monuments to be

" So she did to me," said the second, " but not quite so frightful as she does without it."

HIDALGO.

In the streets of Badajos* (which are narrow, filthy, and generally silent, without the least sign of industry of any kind) I observed some men with cloaks around their shoulders, each of whom stood before a separate door, and seemed to have no other object but to gaze at the passengers.

" Pray what class of men are those?" said I, Biscayan Cicerone, " they seem too idle to be tradesmen!"

" You conjecture right," repliéd he;—" they would be highly affronted you could suspect them of exercising any kind of trade."

" They are men of independent fortune," said I.

seen in Egypt. The stranger, beholding them at a distance, is astonished at their grandeur; but if he enter them, what does he find?—inanimate ashes, and the silence of the tomb.

* A large and strong town of Spain, populous enough, and the capital of Estramadura. It has an handsome castle, and a famous bridge, built by the Romans on the Guadiana. It has a frontier town, and is consequently of some importance.

" Almost their only property," said he, " is the wretched house they inhabit, which being transmitted from father to son, is inalienable; and constitute what in this country is called an *Hidalgo*, or *hijode-algo*, the son of somebody: they would consider it as a degradation to follow any mechanical employment."

" How are they prevented from starving?"

" Why they are not prevented from what you would call starving in England," replied he; " but I will tell you how they prolong their life—observe that man going from his own door with something under his cloak; you will see him stop at the private door of that magnificent building, which is a convent, and one of the richest establishments in this province: he carries under his cloak a vessel, into which he receives an allotted portion of broth, with vegetables and meat of different kinds, which he carries back for the support of his family; and the same is regularly done by a number of these Hidalgos every day. Those who are thus served at the private door of the convent are called the bashful or gentlemen beggars. As for others I do not well know how to denominate them—they cannot be called the poorer sort, and still less the meaner, for nothing can be meaner than what I have related of these Hidalgos: but as the others are not Hidalgos, we may distinguish them by the appellation of *the sons of no-*

body;—all of the class that receive alms at the *public* gate."

"It seems surprising," said I, "that men who are ashamed to work for their bread, should not be ashamed to beg for it; for you may call him as bashful as you please, but the man struts to the convent with as stately a step as if he were the proprietor of the whole building.*"

MAN OF WIT.

I WAS asking, the other day, an acquaintance, how it happened that one of his friends, who is generally thought an agreeable man, had so many enemies. His answer was—"because my friend is a man of wit."

"A man of wit!" said I,

"Yes," rejoined he; "of all the gifts of nature to the human race, wit is the most envied, and the least forgiven."

* The reader, must not imagine, that in every part of Spain the same lazy, beggarly disposition, is attached to the inhabitants, as it is to be seen in Estramadura. In Catalonia the people, are in general, industrious; that province is well cultivated. The Biscayans, are also very industrious.

THE SEDATE COMMONER.

A MEMBER of Parliament, who never spoke in the House of Commons but once, when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noisy member, looking accidentally at him, bellowed, "hear! hear! hear!"—to which he calmly replied, "*I never do any thing else, Sir.*"—The answer immediately got the applause of the whole house.

MIRABEAU.

His mind was vigorous, comprehensive, and acute. With the quickness of thought, variety of knowledge, and happiness of expression which constitutes eloquence, he also possessed that power of voice which is necessary to give it full effect in a numerous assembly. To a talent for repartee he joined the powers of profound reasoning; so that he was equally prepared to disconcert his opponent with sarcasm, or to refute him by the force of argument.

Although his features were harsh and his person clumsy, he had the art of rendering himself agreeable to women—an art which too often he used to libertine purposes, and, as it is asserted, with greater success than many whose intentions were equally profligate, and their persons better formed for seduction.

His excessive love of pleasure would have tended to render him completely dissipated, and of course left him ignorant, had he not employed the long intervals of confinement and retirement that his debaucheries and his want of money obliged him to, in studies which, with better health and more riches, he would have neglected.

Had he been an early favourite at court, and been placed in those high and lucrative situations that his birth and talents gave him a claim to, he might have been satisfied to have remained a mere courtier, and supporter of that oppressive and arbitrary system, against which he inveighed so violently and which he attacked with such energy. His tedious imprisonments and the hardships he suffered sometimes in consequence of his own irregularities, and sometimes from the tyranny of others, inspired him with sympathy for the oppressed, hatred against letters de cachet; an unconquerable aversion to tyranny, and a fervent desire of establishing freedom in his native country.

As Mirabeau was a man of violent passions, he was on some occasions carried by his resentment to oppose the measures of the ministers which he approved; and on other occasions there is reason to believe that he accepted of considerable sums from the court to support measures in the national assembly, which independent of that circumstance, he would have sup-

ported as agreeable to his own political principles. This conduct was, no doubt, highly unbecoming, and gave some ground for the idea which many entertain that he was as corrupt in politics as profligate in private life. It does not appear, however, that he ever lent his aid to any public measure inconsistent with his own ideas of liberty, and his avowed love of a monarchical form of Government limited by law.*

Mirabeau has been represented in the blackest and most disgusting colours; but these accounts are to be received with caution and reserve; for as few men have ever united in their character so many of those qualities which are apt to create enmity, so few men ever had so many enemies. As an active agent in bringing on the revolution, he was hated by all the friends of the old system of government. As a friend to monarchy, he was disliked by those who

* It is recorded of the famous Marshal Turrenne, that when he commanded the French army in Germany, deputies from a certain town came to his camp, and offered him an hundred thousand crowns, on condition that he would not march his army through their territory.—"As your town is not on the route which I intend to take," said he, "I cannot in conscience accept the money you offer."

Mirabeau in the same situation would certainly not have acted in the disinterested and dignified manner that Marshal Turenne did; nor will his general character bear a comparison with that of the marshal; yet it is a question if Mirabeau would, in obedience to the orders of Louis XIV. have ravaged and ruined the Palatinate.

wished to have a republican form of government in France. As an avowed free-thinker, he shocked the pious, and was traduced by the hypocritical. As a man of wit, he was dreaded and detested by the dull; and as his talents for conducting a popular assembly were unequalled, he was an object of envy to all who aspired to be leaders in the revolution.

The excesses in which Mirabeau had indulged, overcame the force of a vigorous constitution, and brought him to his grave at the age of forty-two.

His death was an irreparable loss to the royal family; for there is reason to think, that had he lived, those who have since figured as principals in the revolution, would have acted very subordinate parts. His superior talents, would have given such energy to the first movements of the new constitution, as would have precluded the attempts of the republicans against it on the one hand, and those of the abettors of the old government on the other. The friends of limited monarchy would have united.

Mirabeau himself, imagined, that he could have preserved the constitution; but he foresaw its destruction in his death; and a little before he expired, he predicted that the French monarchy would not survive him long.

SENSIBLE REASONER.

A TRAVELLER expressed his surprise to an inhabitant of Lisbon that they should have ventured to raise their houses to such an height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

" It is because it has been so lately overthrown," he replied, " that we venture, for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, it is reasonable to believe that they will all over be overthrown in their turn, according to their deserts; and of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again."

END OF THE FIRST VOL.

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ERRATA.

Page 39, line 20, instead of *sate* read *sat*...P. 89, note l. 3, *the three* read *the five*..P. 102, l. 11, *Cadavarous* read *Cadaverous*...P. 105, l. 17, *on pe* read *on ne*...P. 112, l. 1, *Avanturieur* read *Avanturier*...P. 116, l. 12, *qui donne* read *qui a donné*..P. 127, l. 2, *amoit* read *auroit*..P. 134, l. 14, *covilla* read *corilla*...P 150, l. 19, *monarchs* read *monarch*...P. 159, l. 22, *to be so much* read *not so much*...P. 163, l. 26, *table d'hoté* read *table d'hôte*...P. 164, l. 22, *Cassias* read *Cassius*...P. 165, l. 7, *breats* read *breasts*...P. 166, l. 19, *made-decrees* read *mad-decrees*...P. 173, l. 6, *towns* read *town*...P. 184, l. 26, *indicated* read *mitigated*...P. 195, l. 21, *Pascendent* read *Pascendant*...P. 205, l. 19, *compatible* read *incompatible*...P. 206, l. 22, *ruin* read *own*...P. 224, l. 8, *obliged* read *they are obliged*...P. 227, l. 12, *le soverain* read *le souverain*...Ibid, l. 18, *overt* read *ouvert*...Ibid, l. 19, *courat* read *courut*...P. 237. l. 6, *executed* read *excited*...Ibid, l. 9, *un hommes* read *un homme*...P. 256, l. 10, *realised* read *released*...P. 288, l. 7, *seza* read *sera*...Ibid, l. 12, *s'etorne de leuer* read *s'etonne de eur*.

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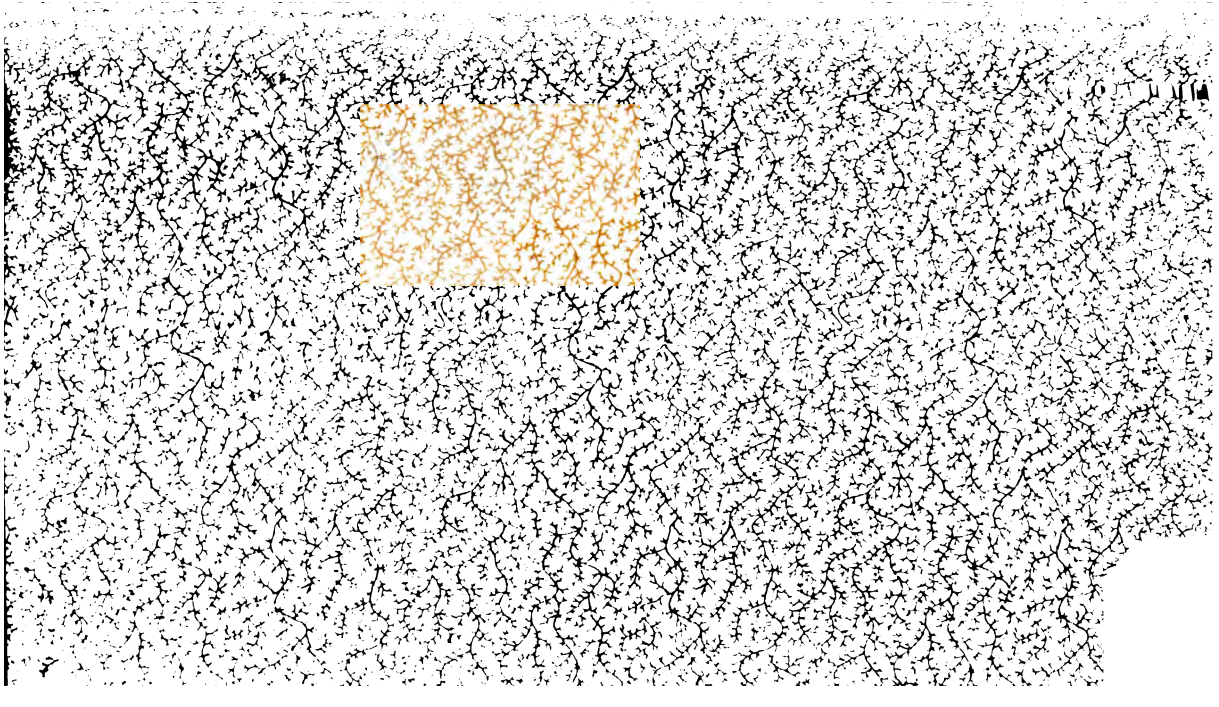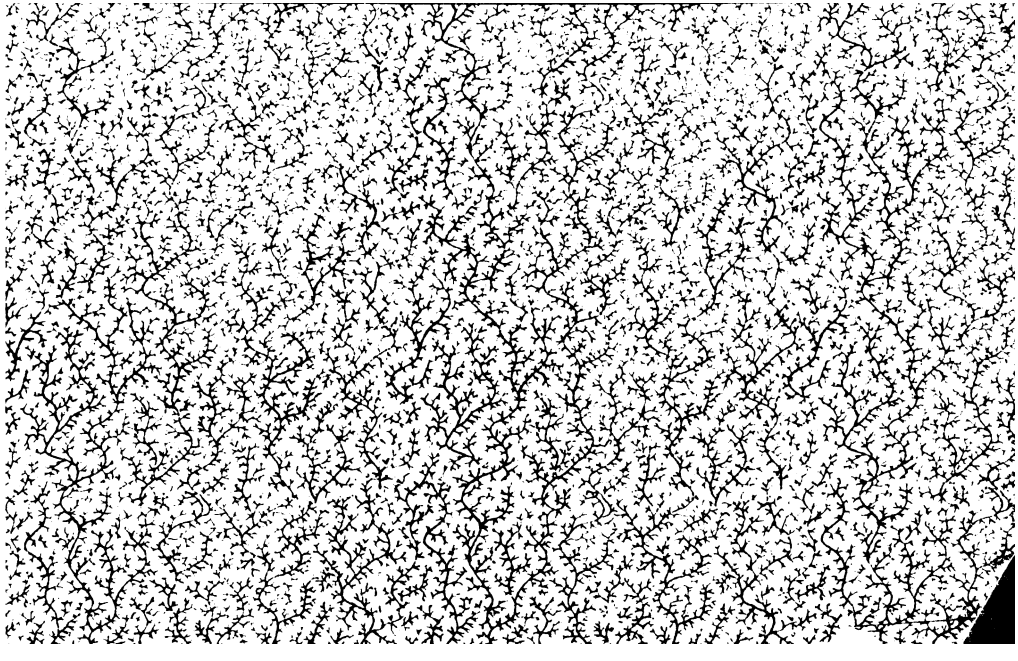
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